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A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

BY THEODORE A. COOK

If there is anything certain in this world it is the fact that to-day a nation can only be victorious if it concentrates all its strength upon the peaceful rivalries of life, and with that object endeavors to present the world with peace.—G. F. NICOLAI.

IN *The Westminster Gazette* for December 16 and 17, 1917, Mr. William Archer first called the attention of the English public to a book called *The Biology of the War: Reflections of a German Naturalist*, by Dr. G. F. Nicolai, professor of physiology in the University of Berlin; and I believe extended reference has also been made to it in the American press; but it remains practically unknown in England. I further understand that the author was rewarded by his own Government with several months' imprisonment, and with confiscation of his whole income, as a consequence of his courageous belief that a few Germans might still be found who would not turn a deaf ear to the appeal of philosophic or scientific truth.

On the 22d of June, 1918, the newspapers reported that four German aviators had landed in Denmark, and the following message was printed from Copenhagen:

The German airmen to-day have been examined by the Copenhagen police, and there is no doubt they have deserted from

Germany. One of them — George Friedrich Nicolai — is a University professor, and author of the *Psychologie des Kriegs* [sic], a book which Georg Brandes characterized as a most important document from the German side as to the nature and justification of war. Nicolai is a specialist in diseases of the heart, and was consulted by the German Empress.

It is significant that Professor Nicolai has not been interned in Denmark till the war is over, and that among his companions (who escaped from Neu Ruppin, in Prussia) were said to be 'a young scientist named Adam,' and a mechanic, who stated that the ill-treatment of the Professor was the reason for their desertion with him. Unfortunately, however, no assistance from more exalted quarters in his own country had been (or is now likely to be) forthcoming to the author of a book so contrary to the ideals of Germany's present rulers.

'Come what may,' says the leader of this forlorn hope, 'this book had to be written.' Professor Nicolai realized the probable consequence of publishing such sentiments as that which is

placed at the head of this article; and he paid the penalty even before his manuscript had been printed in Switzerland. I have seen the only copy of the original German which was in England this spring. I offer no literal translations. I shall here confine myself to a faithful transmission of the author's views on various important points which have only been selected to illustrate my position that his chapters would form most valuable propaganda at the present moment. The student must for the present satisfy himself as to the author's exact phraseology in the pages of the original. To the complete and authorized translation which must surely be forthcoming later on it is my express wish that the attention of Englishmen should be directed.

We have heard so much about the value of propaganda lately, and seen so much of what it can effect in actual military results, that I hope no more sneers will be leveled by our hot-headed young journalists at Germans who try to persuade their own countrymen that there may be something in the cause for which England and our Allies are now fighting. What Dr. Nicolai's social punishment — in loss of friendship, prestige, and position — must have been it is impossible to gauge outside Germany. His material losses are known, at any rate; and when the final reckoning is made between the nations, due recognition will, I trust be given to the facts that there was at least one German, besides the author of *J'Accuse* and Herr Fernau, who did not cringe to the Mammon of ambition and mendacity; and that whereas these gentlemen wrote outside Germany, Dr. Nicolai, like Liebknecht, both wrote and lectured inside, accepting the full risks, and suffering the punishment. The treatment meted out to one who has

so intrepidly defended all that we used to respect in his own country will eventually swell the heavy list of charges against those who dragged her down. It should also immediately disprove the somewhat shallow criticism that he and his predecessors are merely traitors who deserted their Fatherland in her extremity. The true Germany they never deserted. The cause of Right and Justice they never betrayed. You might as well accuse Italy of 'betrayal' because she left the Alliance that had so basely misused and falsified the terms of its existence. Prince Lichnowsky and Dr. Mühlön were not 'traitors.' It is to their honor, as to Italy's, that they are among the very few who protested against the powerful and poisonous camarilla which has infected the whole German State with its unnatural virus for the last thirty years.

If the 'terms of peace' are ever to have any permanent result, and to produce that change of heart in Germany which can alone guarantee the safety of the world in future, it is to such honest and courageous expressions of opinion as Dr. Nicolai's book that the world will very largely owe our freedom from the Prussian peril. The author points out that 'true patriotism can only exist where it is founded on a free decision of the will'; and he deliberately risked (and incurred) a punishment for publishing his own decision, from which the Snowdens and Ramsay Macdonalds of other lands are unfortunately immune. To that risk (and that definite personal penalty) we should at least pay the homage due to sincerity and pluck, which have been exhibited without the least ulterior motive. Moreover, it is difficult enough to get the truth before the German population. Our Government's propaganda-work still leaves so much to be desired

that when a German actually tries to do it for them we should be the last to discourage so unexpected an assistance. There is no need to emphasize its value in other directions. Our home-made 'Pacifists' constantly argue that the rest of us are either narrow-minded owing to prejudice or ferocious owing to ignorance. Here is at any rate an author whose natural prejudices are all confessedly opposed to his conclusions, and whose arguments — whatever other criticism they may suggest — can certainly not be derided from their lack of knowledge.

Dr. Nicolai won his reputation as a specialist on heart-disease. He has traveled widely, and by virtue of his philosophic, historical, scientific, and literary knowledge he is a scholarly thinker with mental equipments of remarkably wide scope, a quality which is becoming more and more rare in these days of over-specialization in research. He states at the beginning of his work that the first suggestion of it arose when that well-known proclamation of ninety-three 'representatives of German science and art' showed the world how completely German war-fury had drowned all the voices of reason in themselves and of fairness to other people. A counter-proclamation which Dr. Nicolai tried to send out, calling on art and science to remain above the clash of arms and to uphold those higher ties of European civilization, proved abortive, as scarcely any signatures were forthcoming. He announced, therefore, for the summer term of 1915 a course of lectures on war as a biological factor in the development of humanity. But he was called upon for service as a military surgeon and garrisoned at the fortress of Graudenz, a measure which was in all probability by no means accidental on the part of the German authorities;

he therefore embodied the result of his studies on the subject in the present volume. Though his style is often involved and always characteristically German, his meaning is always clear. His quotations, well-nigh as numerous as Montaigne's, are chosen with a masterly hand and considerably lighten the somewhat heavy material with which he occasionally deals. But it would, in my opinion, be difficult to conceive of any English reader at the present time who would swallow his whole volume as it stands. There is too much technical science for one class of critics, and too much modern warfare for another. But I suggest that the British Government would do well to issue an abbreviated edition of so generous and (in his own phrase) so 'objective' an appreciation both of English qualities of honesty and of the true meaning of our Crown and Empire. His reference to our attitude towards the Belgian question could scarcely be improved. I will quote it at once.

Discussing the famous conversation between Goschen and Bethmann-Hollweg, Dr. Nicolai assumes that the German General Staff 'by virtue of its bellicose experiences' was entitled to conclude that

the best opening for an attack on France was to march through Belgium, an assumption most probably based on the fact that France with a certain amount of confidence in international treaties had protected that part of her frontiers comparatively weakly. But the question of utility does not arise. After Germany by the neutrality treaty of 1839 had made herself a guarantor of the inviolability of Belgium, an insurmountable wall had thereby been built by herself upon the Belgian frontier. Germany had increased for herself the difficulties of a war as much as France, and henceforth was obliged to fight under conditions which she had made more difficult. But she refused to do that. She spurned the objective justice established by covenant and assumed as her point of view that at that

moment so much was at stake for Germany that, unmindful of the law, she must only do what was most useful for herself. I am firmly convinced that the Great General Staff, as well as Bethmann-Hollweg who defended that proceeding, were subjectively certain that in this special case they had been right in substituting utility for morality, and that the laws of equity permitted them so to act. But equity is so largely dependent upon circumstance and chance, that, to say the least of it, Germans must not be surprised if they do not find sufficient sympathy on the part of others (individuals or nations) for their point of view. England, however, being a guarantor of Belgian inviolability, declared war, which, according to the wording of the guarantee she signed, was her clear duty. . . .

To Professor Nicolai's appreciation of our ideals of fair fighting attention should also be at once directed. He is equally impartial in blaming the usual abuse directed against the 'mercenary English soldier.' His definition of the true spirit of Prussian Militarism has probably never been surpassed—in pungent accuracy—by any English critic; and in this volume it is only excelled by his brilliant characterization of those German ideas which are the real origin of the war, or by his extremely destructive criticism of the notorious 'Professors' Manifesto,' which was fired at the belligerent nations in October, 1914.

Dr. Nicolai particularly regrets the fact that among the ninety-three signatories there should have been fifteen naturalists who were among the most prominent in this branch of science in Germany. He severely condemns the form of categorical denial which occurs six times in the manifesto in regard to questions the answers to which must always depend on individual conceptions of justice. He continues: 'Everybody is, of course, entitled to adduce his own particular moral reasons for his belief in things of the truth of which he is convinced; but he must not do so if he speaks as a

"representative of science"; for the chief criterion of science is undoubtedly to describe as true only those things of which one has been convinced by means of external processes of proof.' In the case of the manifesto's denial 'that the life and property of a single Belgian citizen was touched without need,' Dr. Nicolai goes even further, and states it as his opinion that nobody could possibly uphold the truth of this assertion with a good conscience. Considerations of this kind, however, did not—at any rate in those days—suggest themselves to the ninety-three, some of whom gave their signatures by wire without reading the manifesto, undeterred by the fact that it was engineered by Erzberger ('What a man to inspire German Kultur and Science!' exclaims our author, page 9).

It will not be without interest to see how the ninety-three were composed as regards the particular branches of art or science in which they had won distinction. There were seventeen painters and sculptors, the best known among them being perhaps the veteran Franz von Defregger, who started life as an Austrian peasant boy; the fifteen naturalists included men of such international reputation as Ernst Haeckel, one of the first followers of Darwin, and Wilhelm Röntgen, famed for his discoveries with regard to invisible rays. The twelve theologians comprised representatives of both the Protestant and the Roman Catholic faith. Next come the poets, nine in number, among them Herman Sudermann, the novelist, Gerhart Hauptmann, the Silesian playwright, and Richard Dehmel, most rabid of the younger school of German bards. There are seven lawyers and such men as Lujo Brentano, an authority on national economics, or Franz von List, chiefly

known for his writings on criminal law. Emil von Behring, Paul Ehrlich, and August von Wassermann figure among the seven medical men. There are also seven historians and five writers on art, the latter including Wilhelm von Bode, whose experience with the modern wax bust which he ascribed to Leonardo has probably not yet been forgotten. Best known among the four philosophers is the veteran Wilhelm Wundt of Leipzig, originator of the institutes for experimental psychology. There are four philologists, including the well-known classical scholar Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf; and only a very poor total stands for Germany's musical reputation — three musicians — one, of whom is distinguished as a composer, Engelbert Humperdinck, Felix von Weingartner being perhaps better known as a conductor. At the end come two politicians — one of whom is Friedrich Naumann, editor of *Die Hilfe* and the literary protagonist of Mittel-Europa and Pan-Germanism; the other is Max Reinhardt, the theatrical manager, well known to the London public.

Apart from signing the manifesto, several of the signatories have delivered themselves more than once of other expressions of opinion on the war; some of their choicest sayings have been reprinted in Dr. Nicolai's book. Thus von Harnack, the theologian, calls England 'the betrayer of civilization,' and Haeckel records his opinion of the country that produced Darwin by referring to England as 'the greatest criminal in the history of the world.' Karl Hauptmann, one of the poets, is not quite so abusive, but he believes that 'the independence of Europe can only be secured by the complete victory of the German arms.'

It should not be forgotten that Adolf von Harnack, in addition to

signing this preposterous manifesto, gave his name also to the extraordinary tissue of lies called *Truth about Germany* which was forwarded by Albert Ballin, Prince von Bülow, and others to the United States at the very beginning of the war. It was an elaborate attempt to show that Germany had been attacked and fought only in self-defense. It was also signed by Professor Lamprecht of Leipzig, Wilhelm von Siemens, and Professor Francke of Berlin. Professor Eucken, too, a man formerly reckoned among the chief ethical teachers of the day, has, our author reminds us, called the English 'low-down Pharisees,' adding that such a comparison was an insult for the Pharisees.

But this is not the worst that has been said; and whoever has read the speeches of our German professors has had the conviction forced upon him — if he took what they said seriously — that we are making war on brutes, and that therefore the majority of mankind consisted of brutes. But anyone who thinks like that is henceforth unable to respect the dignity of mankind as a whole, and has therefore lost the basis of his own morality.

I seem to remember, in the early days of the war, a sort of manifesto signed by certain English professors imploring us to take an indulgent view of their colleagues near Berlin. I have always thought that, with very few exceptions, German professors were somewhat over-rated; but I never expected to see so definite a proof of their real value to civilization as is provided by the instances just mentioned. For what do we find at the revealing crisis? We see that the German professor has become the State slave, paralyzing his conscience with the dogma of Prussian infallibility. If these men have not gone mad, they have deliberately signed what they know to be untrue. Whichever alternative they accept, we are bound

to conclude that the estimation in which their intellect and personal character have hitherto been held must be drastically revised.

Dr. Nicolai's book contains several more sayings by German 'intellectuals' well worth reprinting, even though their authors do not appear among the signatories of the manifesto. Juliusburger, for instance, says 'Germany has the historical task of organizing Europe under her supremacy.' Lasson is charmingly modest: 'Germany is the most perfect organism ever produced by history,' and his letters in the autumn of 1914 (already published) have roused the amazement of the whole world. Kohler points out that 'Foreign countries owe the best of their education to Germany.' Last, but not least, may follow the sentence contained in a separate manifesto signed by 3016 German university teachers of October, 1914: 'The welfare of the entire civilization of Europe depends on Germany's victory.' In fairness to some of the signatories of the original manifesto Dr. Nicolai adds: 'For the truth's sake it must be said that at least part of the signatories have regretted this manifesto. Some of them wrote to me to say so in December, 1914; and when the manifesto was reprinted in the *Aktion* of June, 1915, one of the signatories wrote to the paper to say that he objected strongly to the reprint since "of course" he held no such opinions any longer.' We can only wonder why he ever held them at all. Under what pressure, or as the result of what carelessness, did his signature appear?

Dr. Nicolai has a great deal to say concerning the epidemic of lying and hatred, and the utter breakdown in Germany of all sentiments of justice and fairness which has followed in the wake of this war; and his paragraphs

on these subjects are replete with the gravest charges against his own country. Concerning the press in wartime, he quotes Jean Paul Richter as follows: 'In the longest period of peace, man does not tell so many lies or talk so much nonsense as in the shortest war.' Our author continues:

But it is a regrettable fact that the abyss thus created between different nations has a tendency to become permanent. New men will be born to replace the fallen; bombarded cathedrals may perhaps be restored, if not rebuilt; but the soul of the nation will go down to the future prostituted. All the more so, because, of late, hatred of the foreigner has been preached even in the schools. In a circular issued by the Royal Government at Frankfurt-an-der-Oder it is directly enjoined upon district inspectors of schools 'not to countenance in any way tendencies towards a future reconciliation of the civilized nations.'

Discussing the motives of Germany's adversaries, and how they were judged, or rather misjudged, our author says:

The curious part of it all is that nobody as yet seems to have discovered the self-evident fact, that our enemies look at the world from a different point of view; that from their point of view Pan Slavism and the British Empire have as much right as the Germanic race to ask for a place in the sun; that the reconquest of the lost provinces and *la Revanche* are as much national problems for France as in its day the recovery of Alsace was for us; that Belgium against Germany, or Serbia and Montenegro against Austria, are all fighting with the same hallowed earnestness for their own countries, as in other times the Tyrolese or Lützow's Jäger fought. . . .

Can it actually be a fact that the Germans have been already so intoxicated by the exaggeration of their own magnificence that they will not permit any other nations save themselves to think in terms of patriotism? . . . Of England, which had both the legal duty to fight, owing to her solemn word pledged in 1839, and the moral obligation arising from the conditions of the *Entente* (which were known to us all), it was said in Germany that 'she only made war, because egotism and the

shopkeeper's instinct were stronger than the sentiments of right, of morals, of blood relationship. . . . Judged objectively the attitude of little Serbia or of little Belgium was wholly admirable; but just consider all that was said of both of them. . . .

A similar attitude is adopted against neutrals, whose sympathies are not welcomed joyfully and thankfully like a useful present, but are exacted peremptorily as a plainly moral duty. Neutral hostility appears to Germans to be nothing short of immoral: thus the *Kölnische Zeitung* concludes from the phrase frequently heard in Belgium, even before the war: '*Nos sympathies vont vers la France*,' that 'Belgians in general have a curious notion of the term neutrality. . . . This complete lack of sympathy with the motives of our adversaries should be doubly regretted by the Germans, for an appreciation of justice used to be one of our proudest national virtues.

While other nations usually try to work out their own salvation quietly, neither heeding their neighbors' opinions nor asking their advice, the Germans seem to have been always anxious to establish some kind of connection with foreigners; they imitated them or sneered at them and now they want to Germanize them all. With reference to this tendency Dr. Nicolai attempts an explanation of the German nation's motives for the war, and I venture to think that his is the best exposition so far given of German 'mentality.' He says:

As Karl Marx hoped to be able to bestow happiness and wealth on the whole world by knocking it down first and then rebuilding it, thus the Germans actually think. . . . German compulsion could make the world happy. We have done well, and we think the whole world should be satisfied to be organized in a similar way. 'Eat, bird, or die,' is one German proverb; and the beautiful verse: 'If thou wouldst not my brother be, thy skull I'll smash most certainly' has become another. This is the prescription according to which the German would redeem the world. It may be a mistake, but this does not alter the fact that he believes it; and, because he

believes it, this German variety of mankind, who in himself is not less educated or less cultured than the Englishman or the Frenchman, attacks everything freely with guns and bombs, and even prepares himself for this task in all seriousness as the most important business of his life. The Frenchman will never grasp that; he is too frivolous and materialistic; for him a dead man is a dead man; a stink bomb is a stink bomb; and so forth; and he arranges his life accordingly. But the German knows there is also an idea behind it all. Hag-ridden by that idea he considers guns and bombs as a means for doing missionary work for his Kultur, and that is why he is playing as joyously with these things as a child would with crackers. These 'ideas-hidden-behind-things' excuse everything; for every German seeks and finds behind the bombs exactly what he wants to find: the Christian, his God; the philosopher, his Kant; the philanthropist, his humanity; the Philistine, his law and order; and the quintessence of all these 'moral ideas' is always in the long run the noble and proud motto: 'We want to smash them!' Led by force, the German has become religious and good, rich and content; and since he does believe in the absolute, he considers that whatever is good in his country should be absolutely good everywhere else, and might therefore eventually be knocked into others. Consider, too, that Germany has become great because she accepted from other nations whatever good they had; and thus she, as it were, repays a debt of gratitude, by pressing her own virtues — order and organization — upon others; yet with all this she persistently forgets that he to whom she would present such gifts has no use for them unless he can accept them of his own free will. . . . And here a curious fate fulfills itself. . . . The world sees what German organization has done in the war and tries to imitate it. There has certainly been a good deal of organization after the German pattern. It will be seen after the war, whether this is to be welcomed or not; because if people abroad are going to work as intensely as we do, the only result will be that the German, in order to master an increasingly severe competition, will have to work still harder than he has before. This may be quite a good thing; but it is regrettable that five million people should have had to die so that militarism in Europe might attain this object.

Emphasizing his protest against the

fallacy of describing war as a beneficial or selective agency, Professor Nicolai gives an amusing illustration of what would happen if trench warfare were to go on:

Given the present methods of fighting, it is not to be expected that a courageous, strong, and intelligent race would be produced, if war were to become the perpetual and principal occupation of humanity; some kind of burrowing breed would probably result from trench-warfare; and like the rabbit, this new man would be without any such refined requirements as could rise above the level of a dugout.

Official apologists of the German Army, like Professor Haber, head of the Chemical Research Institute of the University of Berlin, who was awarded the Bunsen Medal in April, are, of course, bound to come to very different conclusions. Professor Haber welcomes the close coöperation between science and warfare in such questions as the use of gas, which, he says, is disliked by Germany's enemies because it calls for a high level of intelligence in the soldier who must protect himself from it; and therefore he triumphantly concludes, 'the superiority of the German Army is secured not by a constant increase of the horrors of war, but by superior military discipline.'

Dr. Nicolai has no such illusions. He clearly envisages the 'rabbit-man' produced by the new warfare:

He would probably have a stunted olfactory sense in order to be able to endure without difficulty the constant smell of putrefying corpses; but he would be alert and speedy and with good ears and eyes, so that he could quickly emerge from his burrow at the right moment and dive back again. Good eyesight he would have already discovered to be necessary for aiming a rifle; but in continuous warfare, as we know by experience, the joy of actual killing tends to abate and the desire to take cover increases. Moreover, he would have a low intelligence . . . contempt for the works of peace . . . few mental interests.

... No doubt he would evolve a certain *esprit de corps* towards his comrades; but his most important mental development would be hatred and fear of the enemy. Some such half-imbecile breed of cave men would be the product of a perpetual *guerre de position*, a truly remarkable aspiration for the 'nation of philosophers and poets.'

Turning from this highly colored but quite justifiable forecast of what might be, to sober facts, the author shows

that war is as it were a life insurance for the bodily and mentally inferior, and that it damages enormously the economical welfare of the able-bodied and intelligent, who — if they survive the battlefield — see, in many cases, their business at home destroyed, while, in addition, they find themselves compelled to support the greatly increased percentage of those incapable of working.

He goes on:

Even at the front, the brave and clever run the higher risks. The benefits they enjoyed in old days, owing to their great skill, have vanished; they have no longer any better chance of escaping danger than is possessed by their less gifted comrades; for the bullet does not pick its man. . . . In short, if the war lasted long enough it would bring about, in a purely automatic way, the result that the belligerent nations would consist exclusively of inferior elements, with the exception perhaps of a few commanders of high rank, who, of course, as a rule, are not exposed to the general perils of war in as high a degree as the rest. It may be noted here, for instance, that in spite of the gigantic total of losses, the numerous royal families involved have suffered but very little.

Quoting from the Bible, Professor Nicolai sounds a serious note of warning:

In most cases a war, if concluded with an easy victory (as those of '64, '66, and '70), will make a nation bellicose and drive it towards perdition. Hence the biblical phrase: '*dissipati sunt, quia bella gerunt*'; and hence the necessity for all those who wish Germany well, that they should resist every policy of annexation. If Germany is to exist she has to abandon the belief that anything can be won by force.

Judged merely from a material point of view, the decrease in the value of human life and property brought about by war, and in most cases carried far into the period of peace immediately following, inflicts the gravest damage on the nation. The instances quoted by Professor Nicolai refer particularly to this lack of respect shown towards enemy life and property; he mentions here the notorious Order of the Day of Prince Rupprecht, enjoining his soldiers not to give quarter, and adds Professor J. Jastrow's remark: 'Our soldiers do not like to make the English prisoners,' a phrase which occurs in that author's *Deductions from the Number of Our Prisoners*. He then relates two personal experiences:

An officer, otherwise a most respectable man, told me, with a curious kind of procrastinated horror, that he had once threatened to shoot his landlord if a lost purse were not found again. But in war, people of whose personal innocence one is convinced (such as hostages) are shot in cold blood; and when, at the very beginning of the war, a Prussian officer preferred shooting himself to obeying commands of this character, his comrades interpreted his 'self-immolation for moral reasons' as merely hypersensitive weakness.

Explaining the technique of foraging, an officer told our author:

You go into a shop and ask the price, pointing with your revolver either at what you want or at the salesman; and you say 'This thing is worth ten pfennigs.' That is paying up honorably.

The illustrations chosen are by no means dramatic or exaggerated. I could choose much worse and many more. It is their casual acceptance as natural actions which is so revolting. It is the probability of their continuance in times of 'peace' which has combined the rest of the world against the militarism of which they are the fruit.

While Dr. Nicolai does not criticize

in positive terms German colonizing methods, he makes it nevertheless abundantly clear what he thinks of them and shows in particular a fine understanding for the spirit governing the relations between the English colonies and their motherland. He says:

England does not possess colonies because she once hoisted there the Union Jack; she owns them because the people living there both speak and think in English. In our days the English Crown can scarcely be said to 'own' the English colonies; and, at the best, its rule is only nominal; but still, England lives in the hearts of her colonists, and in their hearts lives the English idea of a world-wide Empire.

The German colonial authorities — if there are any after the war — will be well advised to take the following sentence to heart: 'Only those keep their colonies who know how to make friends by their justice.' Turning to the nation as a whole, Professor Nicolai finishes up his chapter on colonies as follows:

Every German interested in the expansion of his nation should try to answer the following questions:

Firstly: Why did the Boers not help Germany?

Secondly: Why do the majority of German emigrants go to America or to English colonies, instead of going to German colonies?

Thirdly: Why has German commerce become so powerful in all English colonies and not in any single German one?...

The Kaiser has not been slow in telling or showing the world what he thinks of international agreements about warfare. How Dr. Nicolai judges of the question is clearly expressed in the following sentence:

Everybody may think what he pleases about the value and importance of such conventions. But once they have been concluded, any discussion about them has to stop, because from that moment onwards any kind of violation not only

damages the adversary, but stains irreparably one's own honor. For this reason nothing is so sad in this war as the violation of Belgian neutrality, the submarine war, and the employment of poisonous gases.

Harking back to what he said about international peace depending on international democracy, Professor Nicolai points out that international law is subject to a similar condition. He says:

Law among individuals is only possible if they acknowledge some political community, law among nations is impossible unless they acknowledge some community above the nations.

Referring to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's warning about the submarines and Admiral Fitzgerald's rejoinder to it, our writer becomes very outspoken. These are his words:

When a few years ago Sir Arthur Conan Doyle warned England to take care, for by means of submarines England's imports could be cut off and she could be starved, Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald wrote, 'He considered such measures superfluous since he could not believe that any civilized nation would torpedo unarmed and defenseless merchantmen.' Poor, sentimental Fitzgerald! Thou, too, hast thought war to be a kind of game according to the rules of some congress — and thousands have to pay now for thy foolishness. But perhaps even to-day there are still people left who would rather have made a mistake with old Fitzgerald than win a victory by means of submarines.

Professor Nicolai's chapters on Chauvinism are full of bitter regret for the sad havoc which war-fury has brought about in the mind of the German nation. He defines Chauvinism as follows:

The incapacity for surmounting, by means of his reason, the collective notions of his own nation, and the inability to subdue, by means of his character, his hatred against foreign nations, makes a man that kind of false patriot who is called a Chauvinist.

With reference to the outburst of 1914 he says:

Such suggestions during a war as self-praise, exaggeration of the enemy's strength, or lies about his criminal cruelty have been successful everywhere, and the war of 1914 was more carefully prepared than any other war before; and patriotism rose to an enormous height. But another result — which I hope was not expected — came about at the same time. The hatred of the nations increased in an equal degree. The saddest part of it all is, that the suggestions will disappear, but the hatred will remain. . . . There was an entire breakdown of the intellect. People simply believed everything, and by and by no rumor was too absurd to be credited. And this maniacal paralysis of the intelligence seized German science as well, which at least should have been used to exact investigation of the truth.

As a most horrible instance of Chauvinism the author reports a personal experience of his own:

A little while ago one of our best educated officers, a man of the highest standing (whose name I will not mention for the sake of his great merits, since I am certain he will regret this question as soon as peace is reestablished), asked me whether it was not possible to throw bombs with cholera germs or plague bacilli behind the enemy lines. When I told him I did not consider the idea very practical or even human, he answered me with a contemptuous movement of his hand: 'What have we got to do with humanity in this war? Germany is entitled to do anything she likes.' And I am sorry to say there are millions who think like him. Thus a staff-surgeon at Graudenz told me 'he had often wondered whether he might not somehow or other slip into Russia and inoculate the Russians with live germs; everything was permissible against that kind of spawn.'

There have been abundant indications that the greater part of Germany has fully realized how ridiculous the *Hymn of Hate* has made them look in the eyes of the world, and it is interesting to hear what Professor Nicolai has to say about it.

In Lissauer's *Hymn of Hate* against England not even an attempt has been made to show why this humorous gentleman really hates England; the whole so-called song consists in a continuous barking repe-

tion of his hatred, and after coming to the end of his verses, one feels like asking their writer: 'Why is it you do hate England?' Mr. Lissauer himself said once that his verses should not be spoken, but hissed. I quite approve his criticism. There has always been the breed of snakes and vipers, but nobody would have thought so many of them were able to speak German. The Roman historian Julius Florus reports that the old Germans used to tear out the tongues of slanderous poets, 'in order to stop the poisonous snake from hissing.' We are more mild to-day; but let us do all we can to make people forget that this infamous song was once as popular in Germany as the words 'Hiddekk'* or 'Gott strafe England.'

Professor Nicolai points out with particular bitterness that the intellectual circles of Germany outdid the lower classes considerably in their outbursts of Chauvinism. He says:

When the beer-swilling Philistine, sitting at his accustomed table with his cronies, asserts in bombastic tones, that we are the bravest, most chivalrous, most intelligent, in short, the best nation from every point of view, we may overlook that, and allow, that after all his horizon does not extend beyond the walls of his pothouse. But when a man like Richard Dehmel announces that the Germans alone had a noble right to rule the world, and quite forgets that in days gone by he also believed that the ultimate purpose of the world was not to be ruled... we have to own regretfully, that in this instance Chauvinism has wrought a cruel deed, by bringing down noble and free minds to the level of those who know nothing in this world outside their own pint-pot.

Quoting Fichte, according to whom 'Kultur is the exercise of all forces directed towards the purpose of complete liberty' and Nietzsche who said 'Kultur is the harmony of mutually resisting forces,' the author shows that Kultur and Chauvinism cannot exist together. Kultur is international; it is unthinkable if it is limited by political frontiers. Scientific and

* Hiddekk is formed of the initials of the words composing the sentence *Hauptsache ist dass die Engländer Kelle kriegen* (The principal thing is that the English get a hiding).

technical Kultur in particular have ceased long ago to be national, as may be seen in the case of the international bureaus for meteorological, seismographical or astronomical observations. True Art, especially music, is no less international.

We can be either patriots or men of Kultur. We can say 'A fig for all Kultur, if only my fatherland still knows how to hit with the sword.' He who talks in this strain is at least a logical barbarian (and only inconsequential, perhaps, in so far as he struggles against the name of barbarian). But he who says patriotic culture is near to his heart should reflect, that it is connected by a thousand hidden threads with foreign countries, and therefore must necessarily suffer by the rupture of international relations.

Dr. Nicolai, as might be imagined, does not suffer fools gladly. After disposing of Lissauer and the yapping doggerel of his *Hymn of Hate* in the few trenchant sentences I have quoted, he subjects a good many German 'war-poets'—both of the present and of former wars—to severe criticism, and easily establishes the fact how scarce real and good war poetry is. He arrives finally at the following conclusion:

Songs of war, as Goethe rightly says, are really occasional verse; if they are to be good, the occasion has to be good; and our modern war poems are bad for the same reason as Goethe's occasional poems were bad when he sang in celebration of the birthday of some very unimportant Weimarian princess.

Turning to Bernhardi, our author strikes a far more serious note. He says:

People like Bernhardi had the courage to say what thousands of others thought, what they pronounced in their pothouse, but were afraid of saying quite so loudly. I believe and hope that Bernhardi's book does not express the opinion of the best Germans, but certainly of the majority, and certainly of the most influential.

Those critics who thought, in 1914,

that some of us attached too much importance to Bernhardt in our writings about the war at that date, will now realize what his value really was, in the estimation of a compatriot entirely competent to speak. That he was accurate in his forecasts has been proved by nearly every movement of the German General Staff since they invaded and violated Belgium.

Of many other interesting chapters in Dr. Nicolai's book I have here no space to speak, but I trust more will soon be heard about his observations as to the true meaning of 'the struggle for life'; his analysis of the effect of the German Army upon the German nation; his disquisition on the racial foundations of patriotism with special reference to the so-called 'Germanic' stock; his description of European civilization; his discourse on the Utilitarian school of philosophy; his extraordinarily apposite quotations from Kant and Nietzsche, as to whom he concludes that no one could have dared to call the latter in support of 'bullying quarrels' unless 'the spirit of the lie had become so powerful in Germany that it had paralyzed everybody.' Here is one writer at all events who from that spirit has declared the freedom of his soul. If we cannot all convey to his compatriots our own support of that brave gesture from the chains of slavery around him, we can at least acknowledge it among ourselves and spread its tidings wheresoever we can carry them.

It would not be unfair to suggest that the two most essential things in this war have been shipping and propaganda. I am not sure which has been the more grossly neglected by this country since the war began; and it remains an open question which will be the final factor in conclusive victory. But it may at least be said

The Nineteenth Century and After

that Germany has used her propaganda as a most effective diplomatic submarine, and it remains for our latest Government Department to discover the appropriate counter. I recommend them Dr. Nicolai as an excellent successor to Prince Lichnowsky, to Dr. Mühlton, and to the most significant *Disclosures of a German Staff Officer* contributed so unconsciously to history by Paul Ehrhardt, the associate of a London firm, who was shot by the Belgians as a spy. For this is clearly a case in which our own Government should immediately consider the advisability of solving any difficulties that may exist in securing, by one means or another, the publication both in England and in the United States of all the important extracts from Dr. Nicolai's work; for he is not likely to remain silent now that he is in a free country, and the first of his volumes, if it secures its due appreciation, may well be the precursor of a most important series of propaganda. In this article I have only illustrated my own observations with a few quotations which may justify my opinion of Dr. Nicolai's value. The argument is very closely reasoned, in the original text; and the complete version should be undertaken by the first professor of philosophic history who may have leisure for the scholarly task of editing and annotating this book as a whole for English-speaking readers.

Judging by the ferocity with which Germany at first proposed to punish two of our captured airmen who were accused of dropping propaganda over our enemies' lines, the effect of such enlightening literature is very much more deeply dreaded by the militarists of Potsdam than our own Government has ever realized. The hint is surely too valuable to be neglected by the alertness of our new officials.

A GERMAN INTERPRETATION OF 'THE AMERICAN SOUL'

BY MARTIN RADA

[This remarkable article shows the extraordinary confusion that still exists in Germany regarding the United States. Its special interest, however, consists in the candor and evident earnestness of the effort to analyze our national character. Considering how meagre and out of date the material was upon which the attempt was based, it is extraordinary that the writer's conclusions should come so near to truth as they do.—THE EDITOR.]

NAUMANN, in an absorbing article, has recently shown how through the war we have acquired a new understanding of our enemies.* How utterly different is our view of the French and English to-day from what it used to be in the long-vanished time of peace!

There is no denying that we have gained in mutual understanding through the grip of this frightful conflict. The question is, what value this perception actually possesses for true knowledge. And to say that, at the very time and under the very circumstances that open our eyes to such horrors, our view of what is going on yonder is but a glimpse through cracks and crannies,—to say that the war, which at one moment discloses, conceals at the next,—is to make an observation far less illuminating than that which Naumann has offered.

When it comes to genuine understanding we are worse off as regards the Americans. We did not know them before, and we are not getting to know them now. That is to say, here likewise we have something to learn. And new conditions prelimi-

nary to a sound perception and understanding in the future are being brought to light here and now. But they are no more than preliminary conditions. Whoever is concerned with the American spirit will have to be content at present with assimilating the impressions of this people which he was gradually acquiring previous to its entrance into the war. From the fourth of August, 1914, to the second of April, 1917—the duration of American 'neutrality,'—what an extraordinary time of uncertain gropings it was, of apparent blindness, of wretched tension! Almost completely cut off as America was even then from open intercourse with the Central Powers, given over to the unscrupulous subserviency of a sensational press permeated with our enemies' influence, with experiences of its own but without the guidance of any tradition—how was the American soul to find itself?

Sigmund Schultze has given us a valuable book, full of testimony dating from this time, in the latest volume of his *Eiche*. The documents come from a source which receives little attention in our daily papers, the clerical. Now, the Americans are a peculiarly religious people. That

* A translation of this article, entitled 'The Geniuses of the Warring Nations,' was published in the August 24th issue of *THE LIVING AGE*.

side of their nature is one which we have hitherto failed to recognize. New England, and the groups educated in the Anglican tradition, are on the whole the leaders of the United States, both culturally and politically. A man like Wilson will always be incomprehensible until he is understood in this environment.

It is noteworthy that between the second and fourth of August, 1914, a large and picked delegation from this devout, religious America was staying at our Constance, for the purpose of holding a peace conference with representatives of continental churches.

At that time they left Germany as if in flight, under the special protection of our Kaiser, and carried on their deliberations in London. To many Germans this will seem of symbolic significance, and they will be tempted to smile over it. In reality, earnest men were involved, and elements which are very influential. We shall have to reckon with them. Indeed, were it not for them and the mind and spirit they express, peace might never be concluded with the United States, at any rate not for a long time. It is enough that these men have carried home with them the same devotion to peace which led them to Constance, only strengthened and hardened by recent war experiences, and that they have been working honestly with this thought in mind.

Especially influential there are the leaders and representatives of the 'Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.' This council is a federation of thirty different religious groups in the United States, with a total membership of seventeen millions — a very important organization in view of the division into sects which marks the churches over there.

At this point one should read in the *Eiche* the seventy consecutive pages that tell how, up to the American declaration of war, these men exerted themselves ardently and conscientiously to live according to their will for peace. They wanted to do justice to the warring nations and churches, and wherever possible, to quench the blaze; and since neither prayers nor words availed, to save by the service of mercy what was yet to be saved.

That is the other America: not 'business,' not 'America's advantage,' not unprincipled subservience to England and France, not blind dependence on a mendacious press — but, rather, such piety as is accessible to everybody, which, in obedience to Jesus Christ, seeks to build His Kingdom upon earth. That piety is far more practical than ours. Its three fundamental doctrines are peace on earth, war upon alcohol, and democracy above all! We recognized this religion before the war. It can be counted upon as genuine and as capable of outlasting all the changes of the war, after which it will unfold itself beneath the stars and stripes with all the greater brilliance.

It is represented to us from over there that the democratic ideal is already an actuality. These papers lying before me contain plenty of passages in which it is forced with overpowering naïveté upon our attention as something to be taken quite for granted. The subject of abstinence is likewise touched upon casually. But of course pacifism, Christian pacifism, constitutes the *Leitmotiv* throughout. Thus it is necessity, helplessness, which turns the attention from theory to practice.

The course of the Federal Council and kindred organizations proceeds, always through the communion of prayer, from the belief in the principle

and the preaching of charity to war relief. East Prussia benefits by this as much as Belgium and Poland. It could not be more impartial. Especially gratifying in this connection was the trip of investigation made to Europe in January, 1916, by Dr. Macfarland, general secretary of the Council. He had the opportunity to visit his coreligionists in Berlin, Paris, and London in rapid succession, and to talk intimately with them. The vital part of his report Schultze prints (pages 120-130). The reception he had received at the three places differs in a highly characteristic way. Very discreet and moderate is his judgment and equally so are the suggestions he makes in regard to the attitude of American Christians. A single sentence will show how he keeps himself free from prejudice: 'Indeed, one must admit that the conflict between democracy and autocracy is exemplified in both combinations of the belligerents.' Again: 'Everything (at present) which tends to end the war is unhealthy.' After a somewhat lengthy discussion of the three belligerent powers, he says ('To the people in general'): 'In Germany the predominant feelings are those of deep earnestness, temperance, and austerity.'

Would Macfarland be able to say the same thing to-day?

'In France one encounters the same attitude, while at the same time in Paris . . . something of the old frivolity prevails. Even among those who manifest a certain fixity of purpose, it does not amount to stern determination and steadfastness. While the more serious thinkers in England are earnest and determined, the people by and large have apparently not yet become aroused by the sense of necessity which the war brings.'

► One reads all this with the deeper interest because the subsequent war

with America is constantly in the background of his mind. What a terrible blow the President's declaration of war must have been for the men of this group! What was to happen then to the strong belief in peace as the peculiar mission of the United States? to the rôle which the American people should take in the reëstablishing of Christianity and civilization?

Only after one has read all these statements, conclusions, appeals, etc., can one grasp the significance and tragedy of the message of the eighth and ninth of May, 1917, which the Federal Council had distributed 'to the Christian churches in America' upon the declaration of war. In due time it was also published and read in Germany, and people were prepared to find it full of cant and the other pietistic traits we used once to attribute to Christians over there. As a matter of fact, however, every sentence makes one feel the earnestness with which those men, in that hour of moral perplexity, were seeking out and pursuing the path which would permit them to support their country in the war, and at the same time remain true to the ideal of Christian pacifism.

While the collection of papers of the Federal Council is the most comprehensive contribution the *Eiche* makes, and the most far-reaching in its effect, there are plenty of other documents of the greatest interest. The publisher has made a shrewd choice, representative of the attitudes of various other leaders — some of them, in fact, dated since April, 1917! There are extracts from an American war-sermon, and articles from American religious periodicals. Roosevelt steps forward, in burlesque as usual, before the New York Bible Society. In his address (July, 1917), he gives a message to soldiers and sailors: 'Do

right! On this account fight with might and main against the German and Turkish armies, for in this war those peoples represent the dominion of Moloch and Beelzebub on the earth.'

But the most significant thing still is the altitude of the devout and religious circles. Well worth consideration, for example, is the report of a lecture by John Mott, the influential leader of the International Young Men's Christian Association, delivered after the entrance of America into the war. The Methodist Church has been put in a particularly difficult position by the war, because it is more cosmopolitan than the other evangelical churches. The Catholic Church is in similar embarrassment.

In short, this publication of the *Eiche* permits us to get a view into the American soul which our previous

Translated from *Die Hilfe*

opportunities have not afforded us. Precisely those among us who are ordinarily far from thinking in religious terms, who, nevertheless, wisely desire to be just to strange and enemy people, not only from love of justice in the abstract, but also because of their own political interests, should secure this book. Abuse of Wilson's 'hypocrisy' has not subsided. Yet what is hypocrisy anyway? We cannot see into each other's hearts, and nothing short of that makes the infallibility of such a judgment possible. We shall understand Wilson better after having studied these extracts.

And with whom will peace have to be concluded? At what point are people going to come to it? So far as America is concerned, it will be determined by those groups which these documents represent.

SPECTATORS

BY CLARA SMITH AND T. BOSANQUET

XIII

MR. NICOLAS ROMER TO MRS. JOHN
WYCHWOOD

20, St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, S. W.,
July 9, 1914.

My dear Nanda,

It's a comfort and a blessing to be able to look forward to a real proper meeting with you in a few days now. It won't be such a leisured kind of meeting as one would like best, I'm afraid, because I'm under vows to Billy and Kate (separately) to go

down to Camber as soon as ever I can. But there will be four or five clear days after you get back, and of course you must come straight to Chelsea and stay here as long as you like. Mrs. Abbott will be proud to look after you all the summer if you'll give her the chance. It's quite a convenient place to jump on to house-decorators in Westminster from — you can easily arrive there early enough in the morning to be thoroughly alarming.

I've heard from Guy Crittenden that Billy stood the motor run down to Camber very well and is resting

among sand-dunes most of his time, which sounds lazy enough to be the right thing. Kate came to see me the other day in a good deal of agitation, because she had had a letter from Morgan Crittenden telling her he thought hypnotic suggestion was 'indicated' for Billy's case. She did n't like the idea at all. 'Billy is so extremely susceptible and impressionable,' she said. 'I don't think he ought to be under the control of a man I know so little about!' I gave Morgan an excellent character, and said all I could to convince Kate that in his competent hands the method was n't likely to be dangerous. But Kate, like everybody else, is afraid of the unknown; and she has n't ever tried to bring psycho-therapeutics into the domain of her own knowledge. She accepted my explanations and defenses sufficiently to withdraw her protest against the treatment being tried, but I'm sure she has dark visions of a future in which Billy may be liable, at any moment of the day or night, to break violently away from his normal course in impulsive obedience to some mysterious hypnotic 'command.' I've promised to let her know if he seems to be falling too much under the influence of his doctor!

I've seen Betty twice. She wrote, after my unsuccessful call, to tell me that she'd consulted Lady Chardale, who suggested tea-time on Thursday as a good time to be sure of finding her. It's still much too hot for sociability until late evening, but, prompted by affection and duty, I sweltered under the close oppression of presentable raiment and made my languid way to Eaton Square at half-past four. It's a very depressing house, Nanda, is n't it?—in spite of the old-gold bindings. I think it's worse than any of the other Eaton Square mansions I've been inside—

fuller, somehow, of suggestions of mortality and the vanity of earthly celebrity. Chardale himself gives the sharpest point to these reflections. He is a really shocking sight and might play the part of festal skeleton at any banquet with absolute propriety. I've never seen a man look so desperately ill and seem so unaware of it. It quite gives one what Miss Jantry used to call 'a creeping turn' to see him dressed normally and walking about among ordinary living people. As for Lady Chardale, I'm sure she's as nice at heart as you say, but I don't think she shines her brightest as a hostess. She has a restless passion for performing introductions, which effectually prevented my having more than the most brief and hurried exchanges of words with Betty—each time we contrived to drift together she pounced down on us and bore us off to be presented to other people. I must have made the acquaintance of quite half-a-dozen elderly women, and I was always hauled away to another before I had time to find out anything about any of them. It was a pleasure, of course, to be able to watch anything so cool and fresh and pretty as Betty, even from a distance; but that was n't quite enough to make up for the lack of conversational opportunities. At our third encounter we had both taken stock of the situation so thoroughly that we asked each other with simultaneous breathlessness if we could n't meet somewhere outside the house, 'somewhere green,' Betty pleaded. So I begged Lady Chardale, who had seen that we were together and was sweeping down to part us, to lend my sister to me for an afternoon excursion to greenery. She was very kind about it, and offered us her car; but Betty dexterously avoided committing us to it.

'I should feel as if I were still inside a bit of the house,' she confided to me next time we met.

'The bathroom?' I suggested, remembering the description I had been given of the Chardale car.

The likeness had evidently struck Betty, too, for she said at once, 'You've seen it, then?'

I confessed that it was n't my own idea, but Peter Dane's.

'You've seen Mr. Dane?' she asked, but she was snatched away before I could answer. We had another, last, chance when I went away. No one can decently insist on a man who is obviously saying good-bye being introduced to people who are saying how-do-you-do, and Lady Chardale is, as you told me, extremely well-bred. Betty had made up her mind that Saturday or Sunday would be the best afternoon. 'We might go to Kew,' she suggested, 'and would n't it be nice if we could ask Mr. and Miss Dane to meet us there? I have n't had a chance of seeing them since I got here. It is n't much use asking them here, you see, is it?'

So we settled on Sunday afternoon, and Betty undertook to write to Miss Dane. And she told me then, when I had called for her and carried her off in the brightest green taxi I could find, that Miss Dane and her brother were both coming and would meet us at the tea-place at four o'clock.

We drove to Kew Gardens by way of Richmond, so that Betty might see as many trees and as much grass as possible. It was a real relief to her, I think, to leave Eaton Square behind. Anyhow she talked faster with each mile we ticked off, and I think talking fast is a condition of happiness for Betty. We found the Gardens just as popular a hot Sunday afternoon resort as I'd warned Betty that they

would be, especially round and about the possibility of tea. We were perfectly punctual, but even at four o'clock all the little tables seemed to be not only fully occupied by desperately thirsty tenants, but surrounded by preëmpting successors, practising the power of the human eye to embarrass and distress. But we saw no Danes either at or near a table, so Betty proposed that I should stand still and be a landmark while she made a voyage of discovery. She was barely out of sight when Peter appeared at my elbow, exploring on his own account. However, Betty was quite successful in finding Miss Dane, who had been left by her brother on the far side of the tea-house.

She compelled my admiration at once, by proving herself to be a woman of action. I'm such a long way from being a man of action myself that the swift following of deed on thought invariably strikes me as wonderful. And Miss Dane followed the classical model with no shade of a decadent hesitation or indecision. She saw in a flash that the occupants of a table on the far outskirts of the scattered group had finished eating and drinking and had no heirs presumptive waiting to snatch their vacant chairs. And immediately, with a magnificent disregard of the shame-faced etiquette of the game, she took her way straight across to them and brought such persuasive force to bear that they retired at once, without waiting till the overworked waiter might choose to reappear for payment. They gave their shillings to Miss Dane instead, in perfect confidence, and (this struck me as an even more surprising testimony to her powers) the waiter took them from her afterwards in a spirit of meek acquiescence. I found myself speculating about Peter and Betty.

Would they have brought about the same result if Miss Dane had n't been there to do it for us all? I think they might, either of them, but what they would ask as a favor Miss Dane is inclined to take as an expected tribute. I'm sure she would have been very much surprised if the other people had made any difficulties. She counts on producing the right effect at once.

We were very happy and comfortable at our little table after that, and proved to be sufficiently pariah-like ourselves to keep off green-eyed prowlers for quite a long time. It was n't till we in our turn were waiting to pay that I suddenly realized, by the change in Miss Dane's expression, that we were attracting attention. As I was sitting just opposite her I could n't see what the attentive object behind my chair might be, but when Peter and Betty turned their heads recognition dawned in both their faces. Then Betty sprang up and moved past me. 'Oh, Georgina, how funny,' she said, adding, with all possible speed, 'and how nice!'

Peter Dane was up, too, by this time, and I was getting on to my own feet when I noticed Miss Dane's look of amused, ironical, and rather detached interest. 'Yes, here's your chance,' I thought, remembering what you had told me about her desire to meet Miss Craske.

She leaned forward a little to ask, 'Is that Miss Craske's brother?'

It was, of course. Oswald Craske, looking larger than ever in cool summer afternoon clothes and a straw hat — the kind of advertised 'lounge suit' that the Sunday papers display near their 'Fashions for Men' column. He was much more wide-awake looking than at Daisy's dinner and greeted Betty with quite effusive cordiality. It was in vain that we

offered them our places — all our places; they said they had had tea, and it was so obvious that they meant to wait beside us till an amalgamated walking-party became sheer necessity that even if Betty had n't suggested that we should go down to the pond together we should inevitably have had to do it. And then I had a further revelation of the power of Miss Craske's determination. In the teeth of Miss Dane's evident intention of annexing her for her own partner, and Peter's quite equally evident wish not to do any such thing, she contrived to march off with him by her side, well ahead of the rest of the party. I can't tell you just how she managed it, because the waiter had hurried up with his bill as soon as he noticed that the company had taken to its feet, and I had to give him half my attention. I heard Miss Craske say to her brother: 'And tell Miss Romer about Lynton, Oswald. She *must* be persuaded to join us there.' By the time I had settled with the waiter I found that Betty had started off with Craske and was already beyond my power of rescue. Miss Dane was waiting for me, still a good deal amused but less detached; indeed distinctly irritated by the frustration of her own effort, I thought.

I looked at her, and I wanted to laugh. But I was n't sure if she would take laughter as just a simple confession of defeat. So we set off quite sedately at my usual pace — you know what a lame crawl *that* is — and saw the others vanishing before us. There was something about the sight of Craske's great bulk bending towards Betty that choked all desire to laugh out of me. I was just angry — astonishingly angry. All the detestable things Oswald Craske had said and insinuated about Peter came rushing into my mind, and I cursed myself

for my fraternal ineptitude. I imagined that Betty had sacrificed herself because she thought it would be more amusing for Miss Dane and myself if Craske were removed, and I'd been fool enough not to prevent her! I believe Miss Dane must have felt something of my remorseful anguish — though I was doing my best to behave decently and keep up my end of our duologue — for she suddenly broke off to say that she knew a short cut which would bring us to the pond even before the others if we followed it.

It was a much shorter way — so much shorter that we headed off the first couple. I wish you could have seen the broad spread of relief in Peter's face when he saw us. As for Miss Craske's face, it changed quite comically, but towards a very different expression. But she was helpless against the three of us, and had to fall in with our proposal to stroll back to meet the other two. She came along quietly, though much too cross to be polite to us. Miss Dane, however, was perfectly equal to keeping up every appearance of the highest amiability all round, and the other lady was sulky and silent until we came to a place where a path branched off to the left. Then she burst into speech. 'We ought to turn down there,' she said; 'Oswald's sure to come that way. It's his favorite path.'

Miss Dane rose to the emergency at once. 'Then we'll certainly try it,' she agreed, adding, 'but you and Mr. Romer had better keep along this path, Peter, in case they have n't come the other way after all.'

If I could ever have found it in my heart to pity Georgina Craske that would have been the moment, when I watched her turn off beside Miss Dane, who just glanced back to smile at Peter and myself. Peter smiled,

too, but with less genuine enjoyment of the situation. 'Is n't it difficult to talk to people who always look for concealed meanings in the idiotically simple things you say?' he asked. 'It makes me feel that everyone, myself included, is so much more terrifying and dangerous than I had any idea of.'

I confessed that I was frightened by Miss Craske, too.

'I'm sure,' Peter went on, 'that if I saw much of her I should begin to calculate and plot even for a piece of cake or a cup of tea. The force of her expectation would turn me into a conspirator. At present I feel that I must have fallen headlong into her traps, because I really did n't see the bearings of her questions and I could n't take time enough to think about them before I answered. One ought to be allowed as long to reply to her as to make a move in chess.'

You see, he was feeling very much disturbed about it. But we did n't pursue the subject any further; for Betty and her badly chosen partner hove into view just then. The emotion he displayed was n't a bit like relief, and he showed his vexation by persistently continuing his conversation with Betty without taking any notice of us. But she was so much surprised and pleased herself that he *had* to break off, and then he lapsed into sulky silence very much like his sister.

Betty was rather silent, too, at first, as we all turned back towards the little lake. And when we came within sight of it I felt her give such a decided little tug to my coat sleeve that I stopped short. 'I want to look at that funny tree over there, Nicolas,' she said; 'do come with me.'

Transparent dodges have the advantage over more artful ones that they nearly always do effect their

object. Craske and Peter halted on the path, but they neither of them offered to come with us. And Betty unburdened her mind as quickly as possible as soon as we were out of their hearing.

'I forgot to tell you before, Nicolas, but Aunt Daisy can't have me at Oaklands because they've found something wrong with the drains and she's got a sore throat and is going to have them up. And Georgina wants me to go to Devonshire with her and Mr. Craske next week if I can. But I'd much rather be at Greenways with Nanda if you think she could have me. Do you think I could say I was going there? You see, one has to be so very definite with Georgina. So if I could say I'd promised ——'

'Yes, of course you have,' I assured her. 'You've promised quite faithfully to come and stay with me as soon as you leave Eaton Square. I know Nanda is counting on you for help with all sorts of carpets and curtains and fenders and things like that. She can't choose them all alone, it would be so dreary. But you and she can do lots of it at Greenways, and you'll stay at St. Leonard's Terrace whenever you come up to town. I'll tell Miss Craske we can't possibly spare you.'

So you see you're committed to taking care of her now. I knew I could answer for you. Of course Betty had n't expected to find Craske on the fair face of Kew Gardens, so she had n't got a cut-and-dried plan ready to oppose to Georgina's insinuations. These began again quite soon, for she and Miss Dane came hurrying up behind us — both silent by that time, so I suppose Miss Dane's patience had given out. After that we wandered rather uncomfortably, with Miss Craske incessantly trying to monopolize Betty, and the Danes and myself

taking turns to prevent her. They could n't, however, follow us into the taxi which I sent Peter to find a good hour before we really need have started back. So we parted at the gates, Georgina impressing on Betty that 'I shall come to see you *early* one morning.'

Send me a post card just to say when you're coming. Betty leaves the Chardales on Monday, so you will find her waiting for you here.

Yours always,
Nicolas.

XIV

MRS. JOHN WYCHWOOD TO MR. NICOLAS ROMER

Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion, Paris,
July 11, 1914. -

My dear Nicolas,

How nice to get your letter this afternoon and find that you've arranged life so beautifully for us all. I believe you were made for social crises, and thank heaven you don't have to use up your talents in that direction professionally, but can save them for your private friends and the discomfiture of their enemies.

This is only an enlarged post card to say that I mean to come back on Tuesday by the day boat, arriving at Charing Cross somewhere about five o'clock. If either of you meet me, I shall appreciate it very much but shan't feel neglected if you don't. Are you sure it isn't an awful bother to put up both Betty and me at St. Leonard's Terrace, because of course it's far the nicest plan from my point of view and will give me the maximum of your society? And do explain to Betty, by the way, that she lives either with you or me now, and is never to consider again a housing problem which might drive her under the roof of the Craske's.

I am charmed to think I shall see you so soon. As you remind me, we are merely going to meet in order to part, but a good-bye to the extent of Rye and London is n't nearly as serious as that of Italy and England. It really is a silly plan to go away for such a long holiday without you, however delightful my other companions may be. Will you steal a week in the autumn and take Betty and me to France? It is lovely then, with its pale blue sky and gold shadows of the poplars reflected in the dark rivers. Have you ever specialized in gold shadows, Nicolas? They are to be found chiefly in autumn and spring, and are some of the most enchanting things in the world. In autumn France does them much better than England, because of her habit of planting long lines of trees by the side of her rivers, and her weather too is more suitable, turning the leaves into pure gold before they have to die. But in spring English gorse at the edge of a still pool gives a perfect example, or even February daffodils reflected in the mirror of a wet London pavement. Not only for their own beauty am I so interested in them, but for ulterior personal motives, because they always wake my consciousness that I have seen it all before, not as my present self but as someone else. Everybody has the same feeling some time or another and provoked by varying circumstances. There is none more elusive nor more intriguing, for it's as clear as lightning in that moment of recognition and as swiftly vanishes. You are so much

more immediately interested by new people than by any things that I expect human beings rouse the memory in you. Have you ever identified any particular person in the act? Of course it would be very nice if it were me or Betty, but I'm afraid nothing so suitable can have happened or we should have commented on it before! Anyway, you must give serious consideration to a week of French October and all its charming possibilities.

After six days' experience of me and regular study of your distinguished editorial methods, Canon Roscoe remarked in the middle of to-night's dinner: 'I think your brother's mind must be distinctly more relevant than yours, Mrs. Wychwood.'

Deceived by the noise of Paris and his profession, I replied, slightly aggrieved: 'I don't think Nicolas even begins to be reverent,' and then discovered in the next second that he really had been quite discerning and that I'd given you away unnecessarily. But Mrs. Esmond kindly came to my speedy rescue with the assurance that though you might be an improvement on me, I was at any rate a very great advance on Betty, and as he had to have all Betty's past history explained to him, this effectually distracted his attention.

Good-bye for only two days now. I know it's not in the least manners to say so, but it is much nicer for me that you are not married any more since you don't really mind any longer about Viola.

Yours,

Nanda.

(To be continued)

THE IRISH CONVENTION: A MEMBER'S AFTERTHOUGHTS

BY SIR BERTRAM WINDLE

It is now some hundred and twenty years since the last Irish Parliament came to its end, slain by its own children, or a majority of them, in spite of the impassioned protests of those who refused to allow their judgments to be perverted, or their votes extracted, by the glittering bribes, pecuniary and political, at the service of all occupying seats in either Irish House. Among the minority was the great-grandfather of the present writer, 'Silver-tongued Bushe,' afterwards Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, whose description as 'Incorruptible' in Barrington's well-known list of bribes and rewards, has always been regarded by his numerous great-grandchildren as a most precious family possession. Having this hereditary interest in the last Irish Houses of Parliament, as well as that other interest which every Constitutional Nationalist Irishman must feel, I received with very mixed feelings the wholly unexpected invitation to form a member of a body which came nearer to being an Irish Parliament than anything else which has sat in this country for something like a century and a quarter. The proceedings of the Convention were private; they were fenced around by the provisions of the Defense of the Realm Act — a measure which during the latter days of the Convention seemed to fall, as far as we were concerned, somewhat into disuse. No official shorthand note was taken of the speeches. This was

the decision of the Convention itself; and it is one to be regretted, for it deprives the outside world of reading matter of the very highest excellence and eloquence. All who sat through the discussions will admit that they reached and maintained a very high level; and, as he is, to our irreparable loss, no more with us, I may be permitted to say that no one who heard them is ever likely to forget at least two great speeches made by that lamented leader, John Redmond.

Future generations, if they are interested in the matter, will have to rely upon the copious notes of speeches (doubtless made by others as well as by the present writer) when they have been disinterred from the diaries and dispatch boxes in which they now repose. In what follows there is no raising of the curtain of privacy which veiled and veils the proceedings of the Convention. But a few personal impressions may not be out of place; and a few elucidations of the report may even be useful. Elucidations; for, though everybody might find out these things from the report, it is not a very easy document to follow; and it was above all things *infelix opportunitate sua*, for its author, the Prime Minister, did his best, not without considerable success, to slay his own offspring by bringing it before the public at the same moment as the other and much less acceptable bantling, Irish Conscription.

Nearly twelve months have elapsed since the Irish Convention came into

being. It will be remembered that the proposition to set up such a body was one of two alternatives placed before the Irish Members of Parliament, and was that chosen by Mr. Redmond. The Convention was not received with any extravagant expressions of gratitude by the people of Ireland, who were not slow to point out that it was in no true sense a representative body, responsible to the public, but rather the creation of an English Ministry. While this accusation was in part just, it ought not to pass without some comment. In the first place, unrepresentative as it was, it was yet far more representative of the country than the Irish Parliament which effected its own dissolution, or than any Irish Parliament that ever sat. It contained a majority of members belonging to the Catholic Church, whereas the older body was rigidly confined to Protestants, then and now a small minority in the country. It contained also Presbyterians and members of other bodies ineligible for election when Ireland had a Parliament of her own. True, the members of the Irish Convention were invited to sit by the British Government; but the majority had already been selected for public positions, whether in Parliament, in County or City Councils or elsewhere. They might reasonably be looked upon as at least as representative as a vast number of the members of the last Irish House, whose positions therein depended wholly either upon Government or upon the private proprietors of the various and numerous seats which, in Ireland, corresponded to the Old Sarums in England.

Anyone who is curious enough can ascertain from the report precisely what the views of all the members were; and this may be added, that while the Sinn Fein and All for Ireland organizations refused to send representatives

to the Convention, there were among its members some who were in complete touch with one or the other organization, their views being thus represented in the assembly. The final choice of our meeting place in that noble apartment, the Senate House in Trinity College, was, from the historic point of view, an admirable one. Situated over the main entrance to the college, its windows on one side looked over College Green to the former Houses of Parliament, now occupied by the Bank of Ireland, but soon, it is to be hoped, to revert to their original purpose. By the way, may I advert for a moment to the odd mistake made by one of our legislators, of stating that Irishmen look forward to the restoration of their former Parliament in *Stephen's Green*. As well might a writer, deploring a lost English Parliament, utter prayers for its resuscitation in West Kensington. The incident is not without value as illustrative of the knowledge possessed of our country by those who make its laws.

The windows on the other side of our meeting place looked into one of the quadrangles of the college known as Parliament Square, a title due to this portion of the buildings having been largely paid for by grants from the Irish Parliament at a time when, as Barrington points out in his *Recollections*, no useful project for the advancement of Ireland ever lacked money from public sources and when the grant was made without any undue calls upon the tax-payer. But with much to recommend it, our meeting place had one fatal defect. Acoustically it was as bad a room as man ever spoke in. Some of us, remembering it as the scene of debates in our undergraduate days, were well aware of this fact, but I do not think that any of us had quite realized how bad

it really was. At the beginning of our sittings it was almost impossible to hear anyone; and it looked as if the Convention would have to migrate. Then some genius connected with the Board of Works hung sheets of canvas in rows like the gills of a fish from the ceiling. The scenic effect was something between Petticoat Lane and a spring-cleaning. The acoustical properties were improved; but they remained very bad.

In these quarters the members endured the stress of fifty-one meetings, each lasting for the greater part of each day; and as the room was always either revoltingly stuffy or impossibly draughty, 'endure' seems to be the proper word to use. The attendance, as the report shows, was extraordinarily good, and it may be added was not that sort of attendance which consists in 'marking-in' and then adjourning to the smoking-room, for a smoking-room we were civilized enough to have. The overwhelming majority of the members sat out the debates from start to finish. Such endurance surely should have borne some fruit. I myself think that it did; and I venture to offer the following remarks in support of this view. It is an unpopular view, for it seems to be very commonly supposed that the Convention was a complete failure; an absolute waste of time; an intentional and foreseen waste of time some argue — I am convinced quite incorrectly.

When it came together I doubt whether anyone but that high-priest of optimism, our chairman, ever expected a unanimous 'agreed' report. What most people looked forward to was a sheaf of reports representing the different and well-known shades of Irish opinion. What, perhaps, no one ever expected was the kind of sheaf of reports which actually did issue from the Convention. As Sir Horace Plunk-

ett points out in his covering letter to the report, there is no such thing as a Majority Report, though there are several documents representing the views of minorities of one kind or another. The findings of the Convention as set forth in the account of its proceedings *are* the majority report. True, the majority was not always the same on each question raised. There was always one stable minority which voted against everything proposed with the exception of the Land Purchase, Imperial Contribution, and Town Housing resolutions; and that minority was the solid Ulster Phalanx. This continuous opposition led to curious inconsistencies, as they must appear to the ordinary observer. To take an early example, the first clause in the 'Conclusions,' after stating that there shall be an Irish Parliament, goes on to lay down that notwithstanding its establishment or anything laid down in the Act of 1914, 'the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters, and things in Ireland and every part thereof.' Subjoined to this will be found the following statement: 'Section carried by 51 votes to 18' (Division List, No. 6).

Here I can well suppose that the unsuspicious reader of the report will have said to himself: 'Of course those eighteen voters were wild Fenians who refuse to permit England or the Empire to have any say in Irish Affairs.' If any such reader will take the trouble to refer to Division List, No. 6, and to ascertain from the official list what the politics of those voting were, he will discover with some astonishment that, without exception, the recalcitrant minority who would have none of the clause was derived from Ulster, and consisted of those who are loudest

in proclaiming themselves sons of the Empire. The majority of fifty-one, on the other hand, contained all the Nationalists present and voting. The explanation is, of course, quite simple. The policy of what calls itself Ulster, though it is really only a part of that Province, was to vote against everything proposed; and that policy was steadily and continuously pursued. With such a policy on the part of any section — a policy which included that of no concessions or compromise — no hope of general agreement was possible. There was a proposition put forward by the Belfast party as their solution of the problem, no doubt; but it was put forward with the knowledge on their part no less than on that of all the other sections, that it had not the remotest chance of being accepted as anything approaching a solution either inside or outside the Convention. With such a state of affairs, complete success was impossible; but it may at least be recorded that, contrary to the expectations of many people, persons widely differing from one another in views did actually sit together and debate the national affairs for some eight months with perfect freedom of utterance, yet without the slightest breach of courtesy or even of friendship, as a paragraph in the Ulster Unionist Minority Report very fairly points out. As to those outside the Ulster ring — it should really be called the Belfast ring — there was a majority and a minority separated from one another by only one question, a question of great importance, no doubt, though less so, some may think, than would appear from the length of time which the Convention occupied in discussing it, and this was the question of Customs. On this matter there were three definite opinions. The Southern Unionists so-called, that is, those Un-

ionists who did not belong to the Belfast area or organization, were prepared to give up all their former views and accept an Irish Parliament with wider powers than ever previously proposed, *but* with no control over Customs. It was an extraordinary — and a most generous — advance on the part of men who, like Lord Midleton, and the Protestant Archbishop Bernard of Dublin, had been lifelong opponents of any form of Home Government, but who had come to see that changed conditions must sometimes compel changes of opinions. So generous was their concession, and so important did their support appear to a majority of the Nationalist and Labor representatives, that they were willing to postpone the settlement of the Customs question (as indeed were the Southern Unionists) to the period after the war. At the same time they made it abundantly plain that Ireland should ultimately have the full control of her Customs as well as of all other sources of taxation. This opinion they set down in one of the sectional reports. The minority of the Nationalist party, containing names of great importance, held that the immediate settlement of the question of Customs, and a definite legislative enactment that their control should pass to the Irish Government as soon as peace was made, was a matter of such outstanding importance that it was better to stand by their view even to the alienation of the Southern Unionists and practically the collapse of the Convention. I do not propose to argue, but merely to state, the position. The majority of the Convention was then composed of the first two of the sections already mentioned. Let us see how it was made up. We can do so best by studying the final and crucial Division List, No. 52. 'That the report as a whole be

adopted,' is the proposition carried by forty-four votes to twenty-nine.

That majority of forty-four contained all the so-called Southern Unionists; five out of the six Labor representatives; and a majority of the Nationalists, including all the Nationalist M.P.'s present and voting. The minority consisted of a large preponderance of Belfast representatives who refused to consent to any kind of Home Government worthy of the name, coupled with whom were a small band of Nationalists who could not see their way to any compromise on the question of Customs. In a word, it consisted of those who thought that the majority of the Convention was asking far too much, and of others who thought it was content with too little. This vote then brought into the same lobby, so to speak, two utterly irreconcilable bodies of opinion.

That the majority was a very remarkable combination of men will thus be conceded by anyone who studies the Division Lists. It contained the names of men who had

for long years stood on different platforms denouncing one another's political opinions in every mood and tense, yet who were now prepared to come together and make a reasonable compromise. If ever that central, moderate party towards which, as towards some almost impossible city of dreams, the eyes of many have been directed, is ever to arise and become articulate (it is there though it is almost unrecognized), from some such combination as this must it spring. Some might be found to say that it has actually arisen. The writer of these comments does not pretend to be, nor desire to be, a politician. But as the report has received neither attention from Parliament nor explanation from that 'transient phantom' who has escaped — amid unanimous congratulations — from the troubles of the Chief Secretaryship to the quietude of the Judicial Bench, these few observations may serve to clear away misunderstandings as to a part of its procedure and certain not impossible good results.

The Dublin Review

MARCH OF THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

BY M. LOUBICH

[The Japanese decision to give armed assistance to the Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia adds point to this authoritative study of the origin, history, and aims of the Czecho-Slovak Army, in which the author indicates the hostility existing between the Bolshevik Party and this section of the Slavonic peoples which has retained aims identical with those of the Allies, and is furthering the Allied cause in the Far East, while its gradual extension to Western Siberia forms a definite threat to German interests in European Russia.]

At a lecture on the people of Russia, delivered at one of the intellectual centres of Britain about the time the Bolsheviks came into power, the lecturer was met with the heart-searching question: 'Where exactly in Russia is situated the nation of the Bolsheviks?'

Now that everyone realizes, perhaps, alas! too well, the meaning of the term Bolshevik, another puzzling name is brought to this country by the whirlwind of the east — 'Czecho-Slovaks' — Who are they? Whence do they come? What do they stand for?

Czecho-Slovaks now in Eastern Europe are not one of the peoples of old Russia, though some few Czechs lived in Southern Russia previous to the war. The Czechs, to the numbers of some seven millions, live in Bohemia, Moravia, and parts of Silesia, while the Slovaks, to the number of three millions live in the land called Slovakia, or Northern Hungary, between the Danube and the Upper Theiss. Thus the Bohemians are technically Austrian subjects, and the Slovaks Hungarian, but the history, civilization, and language of the two peoples are so similar, and Austria-Hungary is so feared as a common enemy, that with the revival of Nationalism there came a strong tendency to amalgamate

into one nation — the Czecho-Slovak nation.

The Hapsburg dynasty has ruled Bohemia since 1526, but it is only since the 'Thirty-Years' War and the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, that the Czecho-Austrian relations have become more bitter, and, with time, ever more and more hostile. There must have been something very wrong indeed in the Austrian régime, if in spite of these centuries of common rule and, to a great extent, a common Roman Catholic religion, as well as the existence of a large German element in the kingdom of Bohemia — they now, more than ever, seek to separate themselves from Austria.

This dissatisfaction of the Czechs and Slovaks, who, together with the Poles, form the western branch of the Slavonic world, has a very practical significance for the cause of the Allies in the present war. The great majority of the people of Bohemia and — more important still — of the Bohemian soldiers, who *ipso facto* belong to the Austrian Army, were openly hostile to the Austrian Government. One regiment after another refused to fight the Russians or the Serbs. The eight regiments of the Czech Landwehr, the 11th Czech Regiment of Pisek, the 36th Regiment of Mlada

Boleslav, and others, were, in part, massacred by the Austro-German and Hungarian soldiers, in part dispersed among German and Magyar Regiments.

The old Russian Government treated their Slavonic prisoners more indulgently than the Germans and Hungarians; many of them could earn quite high wages and lived on a fairly free footing. When, however, some of these Czechs, in conjunction with their countrymen living in Southern Russia, organized themselves into a Legion to assist the Russian Army as a separate unit, their action was received with indifference, to say the least of it, from the military authorities of the régime. Nevertheless, the legion has played its part on the Russian front. The Revolution provided new opportunities.

In May, 1917, the Czech unit had increased to the size of an army, and received every support and encouragement from the first Revolutionary Government. It is no longer a secret that the creation of this army was due to the energy and ability of the Czech leader, Professor Masaryk, once Deputy at Vienna, more recently professor at King's College, London.

The tragedy of this army, which, in contradistinction to that of the White and Red Guards, is sometimes called the Black Guards, began with the disarming of the Russians. Here were well-trained and organized forces willing to fight the enemy even though every single man knew that if captured he would be branded by the enemy as a 'rebel' and shot accordingly. Here was the enemy more than ever provoked since the Bolshevik peace was signed at Brest-Litovsk, and yet they were not allowed to fight. Consequently, some of them left the Russian front for France, where they form a separate unit, but, according

to Mr. Vladimir Nosek, of the London Czech press, some eighty thousand of them remained in Russia. It is with this eighty thousand, whose ranks have now swelled to the number of one hundred and fifty thousand or more, that the papers of the Allied and enemy countries have lately so much concerned themselves.

Much care and exactitude is necessary in reviewing the great adventure of these regiments, for there are two distinct and antagonistic opinions. There are people who call them reactionary supporters of the old or, in any case, anti-Bolshevik régime, and there are others who recognize them as brave fighters for the Allied cause in Russia against Germany, like their Czech brethren on the French and Italian fronts. Though these latter are nearer the truth, it must be remembered that the Czecho-Slovaks are fighting in the first place for their own cause — the freeing of their country from the Teutonic-Hungarian domination — but this is so closely identified with the aim of the Allies that they do not hesitate to place themselves unreservedly at their disposal, even though Vladivostok is far away from the country described by Shakespeare.

Those people who disregard the present rulers of Russia may deem it of little importance that the Black Guards are reproached as anti-Bolsheviks, but it might still be in their disfavor if it were true that they aim at taking an intimate part in the internal politics of Russia. A few facts will reveal the truth of their position at this time.

The relations between these units and the Revolutionary Government were quite amicable at the time of Professor Masaryk's visit to Russia, May, 1917, to March, 1918. When the hope of reviving the struggle

against Germany was abandoned and the Brest-Litovsk peace was signed, the Czecho-Slovaks decided to leave the country via Serbia and proceed to the western front. They were granted permits for this purpose by the Moscow Soviet last February, and some regiments started east. What happened next is not quite clear, but according to newspaper reports some of the Black Guard Regiments had a skirmish with German troops near Kiev, others have been heard of fighting their way to the east at Chelabinsk. The Bolsheviks' attitude towards them has been openly hostile since May last, but even so late as June 27, we hear of a message sent by Professor Masaryk from the United States to the Moscow Soviet, in which he urges them, in friendly language, not to oppose the eastward passage of the Czecho-Slovaks and not to confiscate their arms.

There can, however, be no doubt of the present warlike attitude between the two parties, and it is probable that this is in a great measure due to the support given by the non-Bolshevik Russians to this, the only well-organized and friendly army in the interior of the country. Nor can it be doubted that the Black Guards have considered it their duty to wrest from Bolshevik misrule the greater part of the Eastern and trans-Siberian Railway routes? It would be a mistake to associate them exclusively with any one Russian party, monarchic or revolutionary, for they have given their aid wherever it was asked, and probably include in their ranks members of many different political creeds, yet whenever a choice

had to be made, as, for instance recently in the Far East between General Horvath's Monarchic Government at Kharbin and the restored Provisional Government of Vladivostok and Ormsk supported by General Alexeyeff, the Czecho-Slovaks rallied to the side of the latter.

So much for their present attitude; their future depends to a great extent on the attitude of the Allies, especially America and Japan, towards the Siberian situation.

At present there are four chief centres of Czecho-Slovak ascendancy. Vladivostok (from where they move towards Clube), Irkutsk; Krasnoyarsk-Tomsk, where their number is reckoned between fifty thousand and sixty thousand, and within which lies Omsk, the capital of the new Siberian government; the Don district round Tsaritsyn, where they have united with some Cossacks and some Polish troops, and Kazan-Samara-Penza, where part of the Tartar population has given them support.

The Murman coast Jugo-Slav (Serbo-Croats) battalions also count among themselves some Czecho-Slovaks.

It has been often discussed during the present war whether individual enterprise can have any bearing on the main issue. If we consider the case of the Czecho-Slovak detachments which are due almost entirely to Professor Masaryk's initiative, and which, if well used, diplomatically and strategically, may still act as a check to German advance in the East, there is no doubt that the individual enterprise of a genius is now, as always, welcome and fruitful.

GEORGINA LLOYD

BY LADY POORE

KATHLEEN was a factory girl of eighteen, the only child of a drunken stevedore and a happy-go-lucky factory hand at Blackmouth. Both her parents were under forty, and both were Irish, but Mrs. Mahony was sober, and Kathleen had inherited from her mother honesty and sobriety as well as a pair of Irish eyes framed in curving black lashes and 'put in with a dirty finger.'

On Easter Monday, 1910, Petty Officer Thomas Stockdale first saw Kathleen's eyes. His ship, H.M.S. Ulysses, had come into the Mersey and lay at anchor, an object of admiration to susceptible youths of seafaring blood, for whom His Majesty's Navy presented attractions unequaled in the Merchant Service. The girls of Blackmouth were also susceptible, and the men of the Ulysses were openly admired by the Lancashire lasses thronging the railway station in their holiday finery. Petty Officer Thomas Stockdale was waiting for the train to take him to a distant suburb where an unknown aunt resided. Kathleen, one of an excursion party of factory hands, had dropped her ticket, and while she ran hither and thither searching for it a cruel official slammed the carriage doors and the heavy train moved out of the station. The girl stopped dead; the corners of her mouth drooped, and big tears welled up and overflowed. Her day was over before it had well begun, her friends gone, her money spent; and even if she should find her ticket she could no longer join the party to which she belonged. Stock-

dale, standing close to the spot where she had halted, was quick to perceive what had happened. He perceived also that her eyes were like drowned cornflowers, her dark lashes heavy with little crystal beads and her white lids unreddened. Her old blue serge coat and skirt were far from being, in her sight, festal garments, but her hat was undeniably becoming; she wore a penny bunch of violets in her jacket and, for a wonder, the buttons on her boots equaled in number the button-holes provided for them. Now Stockdale was not what he would have termed a lady's man at this time, and it was with a courage most surprising to himself that he advanced and asked with admirable formality, 'Can I be of any assistance to you, Miss?' Kathleen gulped back her tears and answered tremulously, 'You can *not* sir. Me day's done for. I'm after losing me ticket, an' I'll be going home.' Stockdale cleared his throat. 'Is your home close by, Miss?' 'T is a good step, then,' replied Kathleen, 'an' I had but the money for me ticket, for the picnic was clubbed up for a while ago, so there's no tram for me.' Stockdale's courage was augmented by this artless confession. 'If you'll allow me, Miss, I'll take pleasure in escorting you.' Kathleen's eyes were not now dimmed by tears, and she took a good look at the man's honest face before she answered. She was not so artless as to be unable to distinguish between gray and white. 'Thank you kindly,' she said, 'me mother'll be pleased to see you.'

Stockdale was somewhat shocked by Mrs. Mahony's appearance. She was keeping her bank holiday at home and in *négligé*, while Mahony kept his in the public-house of his choice. The little house was undeniably dirty, and a one-eyed cat with a minimum of fur lay before the fire on the flannel petticoat Mrs. Mahony had carelessly discarded owing to the warmth of the spring day. Kathleen saw in this no reason for embarrassment, but conversation flagged, and Stockdale presently took his leave, though not without asking if he might have the pleasure of a walk with Miss Mahony on the following Saturday.

It is generally admitted that the most level-headed men lose their equilibrium and their sense of proportion with greater completeness when they lose their hearts than do less reasonable mortals. Of course they have more to lose, and there is something pathetic in this overthrow when the man is as sound, as law-abiding, and as intelligent as Tom Stockdale. He had been a Greenwich Hospital schoolboy, and that means that he had received an excellent education in a place where naval discipline fosters a high standard of honest efficiency. His widowed mother, a woman of refinement and character, had stood for love and home and comfort until her death robbed him of all three and left the tendrils of an affectionate nature waving unsecured in the air. A few months later he met Kathleen, and the tendrils were caught in the trellis of her wet eyelashes. His was a short wooing. In less than a month he returned from Chatport to make Kathleen his wife. That she was utterly undomestic, casual about time, money, and cleanliness, and, worse still in his eyes, a Roman Catholic, mattered nothing to this man so vastly her superior in tradition and training.

It sufficed that she was honest and lovely.

The four-roomed house (with a wash-house) at Gratton, a useful but undistinguished quarter of Chatport, would have been the pride and joy of a well-brought-up English girl. To Kathleen its spotless spruceness appeared unfriendly. Oilcloth abounded, the chairs were unyielding, and she compared the white window-curtains of Nottingham lace with the stained red rep of her old home, to the disadvantage of the former. Stockdale, now at the Naval Barracks, had spent all his savings on making this irreproachable nest for a girl brought up in a rookery, hoping indeed that it would be a potent and inspiring object lesson to her. Their first quarrel was caused by Kathleen's inability to boil potatoes. Stockdale lost his temper and told his wife he had supposed any Irishwoman could cook the food upon which her ancestors had been mainly nourished. He was tired and had been unfairly used that day by a blustering Warrant Officer younger than himself. Kathleen swore and Kathleen wept. The swearing shocked her husband, but the tears were dried with his own handkerchief, since Kathleen's, albeit it was late, in the week, were still in the wash-tub over which he had stumbled on entering the kitchen. Her untidiness worried him, her unpunctuality maddened him, and as the months went by her beauty and affection lost their power, so that the Dépôt Canteen became a refuge and solace in the hours he had hoped to spend at home.

The baby came in February — a plain sandy-haired infant that wailed half the night and was rarely clean enough to kiss. Had Stockdale not been promoted to Chief Petty Officer soon afterwards he would have found it hard to keep out of debt, for

Kathleen proved the worst manager in Gratton, and when he 'went foreign' in the Crown in May he told her plainly that he would not be responsible for her debts if she failed to keep house on the liberal allotment made out to her. Kathleen, on her side, formed masses of good resolutions and loved her husband with all her heart, but she appeared incapable of understanding the need for cleanliness, regularity, and economy which meant so much to him. She never learned to sew or cook; she fed the baby on tinned pineapple, currant biscuits, and tea, and regarded its frequent ailments as divinely pre-ordained and therefore inevitable.

The Crown was a happy ship, and Stockdale, no longer harassed by domestic annoyances, did well in her. Kathleen as a correspondent was surprisingly successful. She used no conventional tags, never wasting paper in hoping 'this finds you as well as it leaves me,' but poured out the gossip of the street and the doings of the baby with a seasoning of humor by no means lost on her superior but appreciative husband, who very soon found himself replying with a zest which astonished him.

By valiant efforts Kathleen lived within her means. If she had too many luxuries one week she starved herself the next. From time to time she cobbled up the rents in the Nottingham lace curtains and went so far as to slap the cat when it made a bed of her best hat, left invitingly on the hard sitting-room sofa. Her training of little Peter left much to be desired. He was as disobedient as he was intelligent, and he was not clean from top to toe more than once a week. The months passed monotonously, but not unhappily, for Kathleen. A friendly old priest kept an eye

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upon her, and she never neglected her church. Steady she certainly was, and though her women friends were not of the best class, not one of them could tempt her to take a drop of spirits nor yet to join them in such outings as her conscience warned her would lead to trouble. She had the armor of the good Irish Catholic—an armor that defends the virtue of a lonely young woman as effectually as do convent walls.

Stockdale had written from Gibraltar that the Crown was due at Chatport to pay off in the first week of March, 1913, and Kathleen had resolved to make the house and Peter shine with cleanliness in honor of her husband's return. She attacked her task with more zeal than method, and while Peter sat exposed to a bitter east wind on the dirty doorstep she splashed water over the grimy floors, dislodged the largest of the cobwebs, and essayed to polish the furniture with a damp cloth. Fair weather had favored the Crown, and a meddling sprite put down Stockdale's name among the first to go ashore, so that he reached Laburnum Grove Terrace to find little Peter sneezing on the doorstep and a smutty and disheveled Kathleen penned into the front room behind the barricade of furniture she had pushed into the tiny passage-hall. The moment was not auspicious, but Stockdale made the best of the situation, and after he had kissed his wife over the top of the chiffonier and eaten, for want of more suitable food, a sweet biscuit (the possession of which was vociferously disputed by his son), he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and took active command of the house cleaning.

Sustained effort was distasteful to Kathleen, and very soon her husband, tiring of the discomforts of home, reverted to the Dépôt Canteen. Then

an old captain of his became Admiral Superintendent and took Stockdale for his coxswain. Admiral Rankin, who had known him when he had been living with his widowed mother, supposed him still a bachelor, and Stockdale, unwilling that the trim maid-servants at Dockyard House should discover the existence of his untidy wife, posed successfully as an unmarried man. It was not only at Dockyard House that he was so regarded for he had notes and messages to carry for Mrs. Rankin to houses where other neat maids looked upon him with approval, and before long he had achieved a dangerous popularity with the fair sex. It was not always easy to keep on good terms with Mrs. Rankin's maid, a Frenchwoman of mature age but considerable attraction, without losing the esteem of Mrs. Rankin's Scottish cook, but Stockdale showed remarkable adroitness in his dealings with both ladies, and very soon made himself indispensable to the well-being of the entire household. Presently the Admiral made him his chauffeur and directed him to take up his quarters over the garage. It was believed that he spent the greater part of each Sunday in his home, whereas he kept tryst in conscientious rotation with no less than three parlor-maids residing in three widely separated suburbs of Chatport. At infrequent intervals he saw his wife, and his excuse of constant work as coxswain and chauffeur was ruefully accepted by Kathleen, whose spasmodic efforts to render herself and his home attractive grew fewer and fainter as time went on. Some who have never known the difference there can be between cleanliness and comfort and dirt and discomfort on small means will be ready enough to condemn such a man for neglecting his wife. Others with greater experi-

ence know that when dirt, not poverty, 'comes in at the door love flies out at the window,' and the contrast between the scene of Stockdale's duty and that presented by his home explains, if it cannot excuse, his preferring duty to home. A sailor of his type is apt to put cleanliness before godliness and the society of women of the superior servant class before that of a sweet-tempered slattern. And, besides this, he loved to please, and, being human, liked best to please the pleasing. For these reasons he fell.

In cruelly cold December weather Peter's little sister was born. Kathleen had not seen her husband for more than a month, and the district nurse pitied the lonely girl by whose bedside she had watched through the small hours, for, though her patient had admitted that her husband was in Chatport, she would not have him summoned.

The usual declaration of birth was sent in, and Kathleen was lying quietly with the week-old baby beside her when a loud rat-tat announced the arrival and precipitate entrance of a strange little man in spectacles, followed by three others equally strange and equally unexpected, who demanded an audience of mother and child. After some not unnatural demur the little hump-backed woman who was keeping house for her introduced the deputation, and to Kathleen the spectacled person addressed the following words:

'My municipal colleagues and I have called to congratulate you. We understand that yours is the first baby born in this ward since the Insurance Act Maternity Benefit came into force. It is my pleasure to hand you in their presence the five-pound note promised by myself — Alderman Perkins — to the mother of the child.

I could wish, though I cannot enforce my views upon you, that she should be called Lloyd George after the noble statesman who will be forever remembered as the Friend of Mothers, but perhaps you would prefer to name her Georgina, which certainly has a more feminine sound, and give her Lloyd for a second name.'

The bewildered convalescent stammered her thanks. She did n't rightly know was Georgina a saint's name or no, for it had n't the sound of it some way, but she'd ask Father O'Keefe's opinion, and Georgina Lloyd it should be if he approved.

The spectacled alderman was gratified, and after shaking Kathleen's hand with shattering cordiality took his departure, followed by his municipal colleagues. The fourth visitor, to Mrs. Stockdale's surprise, drew a pencil and writing pad from his pocket and sat down by the fire. 'There are a few particulars I should be glad to have, Madam,' he said, 'but I won't trouble you more than I can help. The name and rating of the infant's father I have already secured, but I should like your maiden name and such details of your history as you are willing to give.' 'Indeed, then,' said Kathleen, 't is little I have to tell. Me name was Mahony — Kathleen Mahony — and I was born and bred at Blackmouth, but me parents are from Cork. I worked in a ropery at Blackmouth from the time I left the board school to the day I was married, four years ago come June.'

'Your husband's ship?' asked the scribbler. 'Ship, is it?' cried Kathleen; 'sure, 't is the fine stiddy ship he has now. Coxswain to the Admiral Superintendent, no less, an' a good billet too, but not so soft either, for he's the shover as well, an' Herself has great dependance on him.'

'Have you a photo of yourself, Mrs.

Stockdale?' 'I have not, then, for I had but the three taken. Me husband has one, an' me mother has one, an' the third me little Pether got playin' wid it an' had it destroyed on me ere iver I could contrhol him. He's a bold child, but he loves his mammy, an' it was kissin' it he was, an' he just after atin' the bit of bread an' thracle for his breakfast.'

The strange man showed scant interest in Peter's doings. 'Yes, yes,' he said absently, as he jotted down the details he required. 'But I'll engage you can let me see a photo of your husband.' 'That's himself,' said Kathleen proudly pointing to an inartistic enlargement over the mantelpiece. 'Tall?' queried the stranger. 'Head an' shoulders over me, and a lovely clane skin an' blue eyes; foxy haired an' keeps it as close as a mouse's fur, or 't is the lovely currls he'd be havin'.' 'T is a quare thing now, the Goverment wants to know so much about us. Are ye after puttin' down Pether's age? Three year come Feb'ry.'

'Thank you, Mrs. Stockdale. That's all I require,' said the reporter, returning his pencil to its sheath. 'Now I must be toddling, for this must go in by one o'clock. Good day.'

Nurse had paid her morning call on the following day, and the room was fresh and tidy when the knocker announced a visitor, and a tall girl, well dressed and good looking, was brought upstairs by Miss Pickup.

'I've seen the *Herald*,' began the girl, 'and I could n't wait an hour till I'd seen you. I don't know how much you know, but it's not likely your husband's conduct will surprise you. He and I have been walking out these three months, and I thought him such a gentlemanly man. I'd never have gone with a common bluejacket, but the peaked cap is quite another thing. And now there's all this in the paper,

and I see it's true. Oh, I could tear his eyes out, the deceiver — and all my fellow servants knowing it.' Here the breathless speaker burst into loud sobbing, while Kathleen, dazed and speechless, looked on. 'But I'll be your friend,' panted the girl; 'I'll go to the Admiral Superintendent himself, and Mr. Stockdale shall get the boot. . . . I'll see he loses his rating and his stripes. . . . I'll be a sister to you, you poor deceived creature. . . . We'll stand shoulder to shoulder. . . . We'll down him properly'; and the speaker raved herself into a frenzy of hysterics. Here the little hump-backed woman listening at the foot of the stairs judged it prudent to intervene, and with admirable courage dashed cold water from a jug over the sufferer, to the detriment of hat, veil, and feather boa. Then, seizing her by the arm, Miss Pickup literally dragged her from the room. But Kathleen had fainted, and Miss Pickup's efforts to restore her were long in bringing her back to a consciousness full of shame and pain.

It was fortunate that Kathleen's champion had had the presence of mind to lock the front door after ejecting the frantic parlor-maid, but the latter had managed to push a package of Stockdale's letters through the letter slit, and these fell in a confused cataract on the oilcloth, to be presently collected and put away in the chiffonier by Miss Pickup. Hardly an hour had passed before another young woman arrived on an errand similar to that which had brought the first disturber of poor Kathleen's peace, but with her Miss Pickup parleyed through the letter-slit, and in due course another packet of correspondence was shoved in before its late owner, foiled and furious, passed down a street awakening to the fact that something was up at Number 17.

The district nurse, summoned in haste, found Kathleen feverish and distressed, the baby wailing, and little Miss Pickup flustered and anxious. 'Her husband must be sent for,' said Nurse. 'She will be seriously ill unless something is done. Surely the man is n't so heartless that he'd be unkind to her in her present state.' So a neighbor's boy was promised twopence if he would bring an answer to a message to Stockdale. It was written on the last remaining sheet of the sixpenny package of 'fancy' note paper that had furnished Stockdale's home letters while he was in the Crown. 'Your wife is far from well,' wrote Nurse, 'and has been much upset to-day by an incident which only you can explain. Both she and the baby, now eight days old, will suffer if you fail to come at once.'

Now Stockdale had been out all the morning with Mrs. Rankin and was washing the car when Billy Hodges appeared at the back door of Dockyard House. 'Is Mr. Stockdale in?' he inquired of the kitchen-maid. 'Don't know such a person,' answered the girl with a toss of her head, 'an' don't want to.' Billy was confounded. 'Ain't 'e the coxswain?' he asked. 'He may be,' replied the kitchen-maid darkly, 'but none of us has the pleasure of his acquaintance,' and slammed the door. It seemed unfair to Billy that he should be defrauded of his twopence, so he tore up the note and ran home whistling to tell Miss Pickup that Stockdale would send an answer when he came in.

The car was cleaned, and after a swift sprucing up the hungry coxswain presented himself in the kitchen. 'Well, Cookie,' he cried cheerfully to the broad back of Robina McTaggart busy over the range, 'got a bit o' comfort for a frozen shover?' Cookie turned a very red face towards him,

and, pointing a plump forefinger at the astonished coxswain, cried dramatically, 'Away with ye out o' my kitchen, an' never let me clap eyes on ye again, ye false, deludin' villain, ye.' For a moment Stockdale believed, and hoped, that Robina had been drinking. Her next words undeceived him. 'Go back to yer wife an' child, ye *bigamy!*' Then, snatching up the newspaper from a side table, she thrust it in his face. 'Read that, ye false pretender!' He read the paragraph to which her finger pointed:

The first baby to be born in Gratton Minor Ward under the new Insurance Act entered this troubled world three days ago. The munificence of our respected townsman Alderman Perkins had already provided a dowry for Miss Georgina Lloyd Stockdale, of 17 Laburnum Grove Terrace, Gratton, the residence of the fortunate infant's parents. Her mother is a beautiful Hibernian, *née* Miss Kathleen Mahony, of Blackmouth, where her parents, natives of Cork, reside. Georgina's father, C.P.O. Thomas Stockdale, a noble specimen of the British Blue, is coxswain to the Admiral Superintendent. We offer our felicitations to the lucky infant — born, so to say, with a five-pound note in her mouth — and also to her parents, whose happy union has already been blessed with an intelligent and healthy olive branch of the sterner sex.

Stockdale dropped the paper on the floor and passed like a sleep-walker bereft of thought or feeling through the warm kitchen and stone-paved passage into the bitter wind. Then his duty, not to his wife but to Admiral Rankin, gave him pause, and he made his way slowly to the office where the Admiral Superintendent was at work. 'Come in,' said the Admiral, in response to Stockdale's sharp rap. 'What is it, Stockdale?' 'I'm in trouble, sir. All me own fault.' 'I've heard; and it *is* your own fault. You seem to have played the fool pretty thoroughly. But I'm sorry for you, and sorry to lose you, for you've

done well by me. I don't want to know the circumstances that led to all this. Your folly in keeping your marriage dark has nothing to do with the Service, and I won't stand in your way. It's plain that a shore billet of this sort is no place for you. Go back to your wife and tell her you're sorry, and then make a fresh start. Good-bye.' 'Very good, sir. Thank you, sir.' Stockdale saluted and left the office. He halted to draw a deep breath when he found himself outside, and then, with teeth set and hands clenched, took his way to the Gratton tram waiting at the Dockyard gate.

'No, Kathleen. It's no use. I'm not coming back to you. I don't want to, and I can't understand why you ask it. It would only be the same story over again. Dirt and discomfort for me and hard words for you. We made a big mistake in marrying, and I've made plenty more since, but I swear I've been only playing with fire and burned nothing but my own fingers.' 'Indeed, thin,' sobbed Kathleen, 't is I that am heart-scalded because of you. Go, since ye're fixed to go, but take one look at the innocent girleen that's brought the trouble on us. Wait now till she opens the pretty eyes of her, like weeshy blue lakes, an' shaddas on them from the long curly lashes. . . . Ah, be aisy now, Tom darlin'; I'm not blamin' ye, nor ye need n't be blamin' me either. Sorra a know I knew what the newspaper fella was afther. Sure he med out 't was for Gover'mint he was asking thim questions, the dirty schemer.'

The baby opened her eyes. They were Kathleen's eyes over again, and Kathleen's husband turned from their innocent gaze and fled.

It was long before Kathleen grew

strong again, but Miss Pickup's rather gruff tenderness helped her to reconstruct her little world and face the curious eyes of the neighbors. She muddled along with two children much as she had muddled along with one. Stockdale had increased her allotment, but the house was dirtier than ever when Miss Pickup was no longer in charge, and Kathleen never tried now to mend the window curtains, in whose grimy folds little Peter would wrap himself with his round red head poked through the largest hole, playing that he was a fly in a spider's web.

War broke out, and Kathleen spent a halfpenny daily on a morning paper. For nights after the *Vulture*, Stockdale's ship, was torpedoed, she could not sleep for seeing the faces of drowned sailors; but she never saw Tom's. Day after day she went down to the Town Hall to see the lists of saved, holding Peter's elusive hand, and carrying the blue-eyed Georgina rolled in a stained white shawl. She was actually standing on the pavement not many yards from the goal of her daily pilgrimage when a small party of bluejackets, heavy-footed and unsmiling, came up the road from the railway station.

'Who are they, sir?' asked Kathleen of a policeman, for her eyes were misty. 'Vulture survivors,' was the answer. 'Vultures! Oh, God in Heaven!' whispered Kathleen, and, sick with apprehension, she scanned the tired faces of the men as they passed on their way to the *Depôt*. Tom was among them, but he never looked her way. The chill October wind blew colder and, feeling in her pocket for pennies as she went, Kathleen tottered to the tram just drawing up at the Town Hall corner. All night she tossed feverishly on her bed, and as soon as Peter was dressed next

morning he was dispatched to fetch Miss Pickup from her lodging over the way.

While the little woman cooked and washed and cared for mother and children, Kathleen lay in bed fretting and thinking. Why should not Miss Pickup lodge with her instead of over the way? She should be rent free, and free also to carry on her work of 'nurse tending' in the neighborhood, which would enable her to pay for her board. They were tried friends now, and Miss Pickup's uncouth figure had no terrors for the children she had known and loved from their birth. Her standard of cleanliness and order was very superior to Kathleen's. Perhaps, thought the girl, she might learn from her to be a better housekeeper and bring the children up so well that some day, when she was herself dead and gone, their father might not be ashamed to claim them. Whatever happened, they must not be sent to her mother at Blackmouth to lead the squalid life she was coming to regard as the source of all her troubles. The acceptance of her plan with a certain reserve by Miss Pickup, to whom dirt was personally and professionally distasteful, brought new life to Kathleen. Since the disastrous incident of the previous December she had shrunk from the 'company of her former friends and acquaintances, and she had been lonely beyond telling. New resolutions strengthened with a renewed interest in life, and under Miss Pickup's tuition she passed somewhat painfully through an apprenticeship in house cleaning and cooking, washing and sewing. At first she went out but little, and always in fear or hope that she might see her husband. But when the name on her allotment paper changed from that of the *Depôt* ship to H.M.S. *Clytemnestra*, based on another port, she neither hoped nor

feared to meet him, and did her daily work and took her daily outing with the children undisturbed and uninspired.

Only once had Tom heard of her, and that was through an old 'townie' who chanced to be his shipmate in the Clytemnestra. 'Miss Pickup saw my old dutch through with her last,' he had said. 'She tells me the little woman's living with Mrs. Stockdale now, and between the two of them that house is the best kept in all Graton, and the children match the house. There's mostly faults on both sides, Tom, but now your missus has cleaned her side of the slate you should let bygones be bygones and kiss and make friends.' Tom had only grunted in reply, but the news stirred him and he began to think he'd 'maybe' drop in at Number 17 next time he got 'a bit o' leaf.' He was tired of having no home to go to.

Month followed month; Peter was going to school every day, and little Georgina becoming prettier with every tooth and steadier on her feet after every tumble, when the Battle of Jutland was fought, and Kathleen again joined the piteously expectant throng of wives and mothers gathered daily before the Town Hall. She returned home one morning relieved and thankful after seeing Tom's name among the saved, to find the distracted wife of a badly-scalded petty officer on the doorstep. 'I've come for Miss Pickup,' said the woman. 'Little Bobby's in bed with the croup, an' I've had a notice from the hospital telling me to go up quick, for me husband's that bad, an' there's no one like Miss Pickup for minding a sick child.' 'Miss Pickup's out,' said Kathleen, 'but I'll mind him, an' welcome, though I've never seen croup. You're not strong enough to be carrying that big lump of a girl,

woman dear. Lave her wid me.' 'He's never seen her,' faltered the woman, 'an' maybe he never might if I did n't take her with me to the hospital.' 'Sure, that's herself now!' cried Kathleen, as Miss Pickup came in sight. 'She'll go to Bobby an' take little Georgina wid her, an' 't is meself will go along to the hospital wid you an' carry the baby.' The overweighted arms gladly surrendered their burden to Kathleen, and on foot and by tram the two women, with the baby so soon to be fatherless, reached the great iron gates behind which so much pain and tragedy, such amazing fortitude and unexpected lightness of heart were to be found. 'Go on in, you,' said Kathleen, when they reached Ward B2, 'an' lave me sit in the passage wid the child till you're ready for her.'

Not many minutes passed before the woman returned, blind with tears, to take the baby to her father, but it was in Kathleen's strong arms that the child was carried into the ward and gently deposited on the dying man's bed. He could not touch the little girl — both hands were swathed in dressings — nor kiss her, for his mouth was bandaged too. His eyes, full of anguish, rested first on his wife's face, and then on the rosy, crowing child's. Kathleen, unable to look again, turned and made for the door. As she was passing the bed nearest the passage something made her look up. A big man, red-bearded and blue-eyed, lay there in the immobility of utter exhaustion, just as he had lain since they had brought him in three hours before. There were no bandages on his head or arms, no cradle was over his body or legs; yet, but for his eyes, which rested on Kathleen, he might have been a corpse. A Sister was bending over him with a feeding-cup. Kathleen stood still and breathed quick, for the eyes

were Tom's though the black rings round them, the red beard, and the deathly pallor were unfamiliar. If she could but hear him speak. 'Drink this up,' said the Sister with the feeding-cup. 'It will do you a world of good.' The man did his best, and Kathleen waited and hoped, for she became every instant more certain that the bearded man was no other than Tom. Her blue serge coat and skirt and white blouse were neat and becoming; so was the wide-brimmed straw hat that framed instead of extinguishing her small face, and the bunch of dark blue pansies she had bought off a barrow in High Street on her way home from the Town Hall seemed to intensify the color of her eyes. Their black lashes were beaded with salt moisture, and she

The Cornhill Magazine

stood there flushing and paling, clasping and unclasping her hands and praying to all her saints that Tom would recognize her and say 'the kind word' for which she craved so desperately.

The stimulant did its work well, and presently she heard the bearded man whisper, 'Can I be of any assistance to you, Miss?'

'Thank ye kindly,' Kathleen answered, realizing in a flash that Tom's awakening memory had carried him back to their first meeting at Blackmouth railway station, 'I'd be glad to rest meself,' and, drawing up a chair to the bedside, she sat down.

Very soon Tom's hand crept feebly over the sheet to meet hers. 'Kathy,' he murmured, 'Kathy, dear.'

AMERICAN SILHOUETTES

(From the French Point of View)

BY PAUL-LOUIS HERVIER

III

M. LE GÉNÉRAL PERSHING

THE theory that General Pershing's ancestors were natives of our old Alsace is not calculated to offend French sentimentalism. They emigrated to America in 1749, to escape the persecution to which they were subjected when they attempted to follow the forms of their religion. The name Pershing may be derived from

Pfersching, which is in the Alsatian dialect a corruption of *Pfirsig*—the fruit of the peach tree.

John Joseph Pershing was born in Missouri in 1860. From his earliest childhood he was attracted by the military profession. He was an excellent scholar and entered West Point without difficulty in 1886. He was

graduated with the highest rank and was appointed to the 10th Cavalry, then stationed at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, on the Mexican frontier. He had scarcely joined his regiment when the news came that the Apaches, under the command of their redoubtable chief Geronimo, had massacred peaceable citizens, burned their houses, spread terror over a wide extent of country — in short, acted just as the Boches of Wilhelm II were destined to act.

The 10th Regiment marched in pursuit of the Indians and thus Pershing, the young lieutenant of twenty-six, began his active military career. The Indians crossed the Mexican border and took refuge in the Sierra Madre. General Crook, without awaiting orders from Washington, decided that he must follow them, and, by so doing, violated Mexican neutrality. The swiftness of his advance made possible the speedy crushing of the revolt: the Indians, taken by surprise, had many of their number killed and left numerous prisoners in the hands of the troops. Lieutenant Pershing was mentioned in dispatches by General Nelson A. Miles, for having led his men with coolness and intelligence through a wild country, covering 140 miles in 46 hours, and bringing back all his troopers and their mounts in good condition.

For four years Lieutenant Pershing, stationed in distant garrisons, devoted the greater part of his leisure time to studying the most complicated questions of tactics and strategy. Then there was another Indian outbreak, this time in Dakota. Pershing had amused himself by acquiring proficiency in several Sioux dialects. He took part in the new expedition against the Redskins, who had taken refuge in the 'Bad Lands,' an arid district where white troops have great

difficulty in keeping alive. The old Indian chief, Sitting Bull, was in command of the rebels. Pershing showed that he possessed in high degree the genius of organization. He formed a detachment of Sioux skirmishers, who, being familiar with all the twists and turns of the Bad Lands, assisted him in putting down the rebellion.

He had distinguished himself sufficiently to suggest his appointment as military instructor at the University of Nebraska, where he introduced many improvements in the Cadet school, chief among them being a spirit of emulation in study and deportment, and an altogether new and very strict form of discipline. Colonel William Hayward, who was then under him says in a recent magazine article that he edified all concerned by his zeal in his work, and by his methods, which were so well adapted to arouse in others a taste for emulation and for sustained effort. To show how universally popular the lieutenant was, Colonel Hayward says:

'We all tried to walk like Pershing, to talk as Pershing did, to resemble Pershing. His personality and strength of character exerted a sort of domination over the cadets, to such an extent that I have never seen a similar case, before or since, in the army or outside it.'

But now Pershing was appointed instructor in tactics at the Military Academy at West Point. His appointment caused more than disappointment at the University of Nebraska, and Colonel Hayward tells this amusing anecdote.

'The cadets who had served under him wanted to wear some badge. Somebody proposed a gold medallion, others something else. But at the happy suggestion of one cadet a delegation waited upon Lieutenant Persh-

ing to ask him for a pair of his riding breeches.

"Great Heaven!" the lieutenant exclaimed; "what do you want of them?"

"They explained that they proposed to cut them into small pieces so as to show the blue of the cloth and the yellow of the trimmings, and thus make badges of service. After very brief reflection, he decided to give them his best pair.

'We made badges of them, which, I believe were the first service badges ever displayed in the United States. If I could buy, borrow, beg, or steal one of them to-day, I would love to wear it in France beside my Spanish War medal.'

After his term as instructor at West Point, Pershing was appointed captain in the 1st Cavalry.

In February, 1898, an American armored cruiser blew up in the harbor of Havana. On April 20, the American Government addressed an ultimatum to the Spanish Government, demanding the abandonment of its claim to Cuba. The ultimatum was rejected. On April 25, a formal declaration of war was promulgated.

The American army, on a peace footing, numbered only 27,000 men. Many volunteers came forward. Captain Pershing, being promoted to major, took part in the first operations against the advanced works of Santiago. A few days later the Spanish fleet was annihilated on trying to leave Santiago Harbor. That was the end of the war. Major Pershing had that rank only temporarily. He resumed the rank of captain, and, curiously enough, was destined never to hold the rank of major again.

In the following year, February, 1899, war broke out in the Philippines. Captain Pershing was sent to Mindanao to put down the resistance

of the natives. For more than a century the Spaniards had tried in vain to enter into friendly relations with these natives, but Pershing, while fighting the enemy, whom he defeated in the battle of Bagsag, built roads through the brush, organized a body of militia in which natives might enlist, and gradually built up a chain of military posts. In a word, his talents as an administrator, in conjunction with his qualities as an officer, pacified the famous 'head-hunters.'

Theodore Roosevelt now became President of the United States upon the death of McKinley. He had been in a position to appreciate Captain Pershing's qualities at their full value, and overnight he nominated him for brigadier-general, without intermediate steps; and the captain's popularity was so great that his nomination brought no protest from the 862 officers who were entitled by seniority to promotion before him.

When the Russo-Japanese war came he asked to be assigned to follow the operations of the first Japanese army, under General Kuroki. He thus had an opportunity, although without command, to see for himself what a great war between two countries prepared and equipped really is.

In 1914, President Wilson entrusted to Brigadier-General Pershing the command of an expedition designed to capture the Mexican General Villa. In the course of that expedition he was able to profit by his experience during his sojourn with the Japanese Staff. He was about to start for Mexico when he learned by telephone that his wife — a daughter of Senator Warren, of Wyoming — and his three daughters had been burned alive in the Presidio, at San Francisco, the headquarters of the Military Department of the Pacific. In his terrible grief he displayed the

most wonderful stoicism. Duty called. He continued his journey.

Before the present war, long before the declaration of war by the United States, General Pershing had urged the adoption of compulsory military service in his country, arguing that an obligation of that sort would keep 'undesirable' foreigners away from America, whither they were coming, in great numbers, to secure a naturalization encumbered by no duties; and that it would teach all the citizens to respect the institutions of the nation. Was it this opinion, held in common with Kitchener, which caused Pershing to be called by the name of the great English soldier, whose untimely disappearance was so great a shock to the world? Nicknames are often hard to explain. Who can say why the American soldiers used to call John Joseph Pershing 'Black Jack'?

General Pershing came to France, and his features instantly became familiar. Mr. W. L. McAlpin, in the *Daily Mail* of June 10, 1917, drew a striking portrait of him:

Although usually his aspect is rather serious, he does not allow the heavy responsibilities imposed upon him to depress him. At the slightest provocation, his lips part in a smile, and we understand then that the General can at times be exceedingly amiable. He is an active and resolute man. His individuality is sharply accentuated—it is that of a man who proposes to have a clear field. One can see this from the way in which his jaws close when someone says something to him that he does not like. In short, he is the very man to come out triumphant from the solemn days of this great war.

La Nouvelle Revue

An indefatigable worker, as his whole life proves, a man of few words, but very human, very accessible to compassion, if he asks much of those under him, he demands still more from himself. He leads a life of truly Spartan frugality; he is often content with two boiled eggs, sometimes with only one, for breakfast. He drinks little; the best brands of wine do not appeal to him, and he considers that the best drink for a soldier who would remain strong physically and morally is mineral water or tea.

Tall, and with a perfectly proportioned figure, a strong face, bronzed complexion, and gray eyes, he looks ten years younger than he really is. Life in the open air, activity, and sobriety have preserved, for all his fifty-eight years, a suppleness and strength which enable him to surmount the mental tension and the fatigue of the important position he holds.

Everyone knows the progress achieved by the American army. Its rapid development justified the greatest hopes. The American soldiers will have known suffering, they will attain glory in due time; but nothing could move us so deeply as the action of General Pershing, at the moment of the first German offensive in March, 1918, in placing his troops absolutely at the disposal of the generalissimo of the Allied armies, followed by the gallantry and self-sacrifice of those troops in the terrible battles during the German onrush toward Paris.

(Next week, M. Hoover)

VICTORY AND THE PEACEMONGERS

THE Allies have won the race. This does not mean that they have already won the war, or even that they have irrevocably won the immediate battle; for such absolute prediction about such human problems can always conceivably be falsified. With God all things are possible; and with the image of God nearly all things are possible. George may go mad and make peace; Foch may go mad and forget how to make war; the German Emperor may burst into tears, repent and confess all; and, since there are no limits to these wild possibilities of spiritual transformation, there may be a serious revolt in Germany. But we repeat that what really has happened is that the Allies have won the race. It is a point of prodigious practical importance; but it is probable that many people, especially in the sections seeking after peace, or rather truce, do not even know what the words mean. Possibly they do not know that any race has been going on. There are a good many things that they do not know.

The most striking instance of their innocence or ignorance is that they are repeating still, repeating now at this very moment, their lumbering and lamentable old formula that 'After four years' effort we are no nearer to, etc., etc.,' or 'Experience has shown that neither side can reach any decisive, etc., etc.,' or 'Mere military force cannot achieve our objects, and negotiations must be, etc., etc.' All this was always untrue, to anybody who happened to know anything of the wars of the world. But during the long tedium of trench warfare, or after the partial frustration of our

first offensives, this account, though wholly untrue, was not wholly untenable. To-day it is not only specially and strikingly untrue, it is wildly and insanely untenable, a careful picking of the words that apply least to the situation. What has been happening for the last few months has not been anything resembling a stoppage, or even faintly suggestive of a stalemate. It has been a race, extraordinarily rapid, intolerably exciting, and won by a hair's breadth. It was a race which, even if it could have ended in an equality, must have ended not in a dead-lock but in a dead heat. But the whole point of the position was that it could not end in an equality. The whole point was that the matter must be settled by a sharp inequality either way. German numerical superiority might end it first, or American numerical superiority might end it afterwards; but the second superiority would certainly end it, if the first did not end it. If three men are fighting one man, they will probably kill him at last; if nine men are coming to the rescue of the one man, they will certainly overpower the three men at last. The first man may be dead before they come, and the three men go off victorious. Or the first man may hold out till they come, and the ten men go off victorious. The one thing that no sane man could say of the situation is exactly what these critics do say — that the fight must be endless, because neither side can win. Either side can win; but when that situation is reached, one or other will probably win quickly.

What is made manifest to-day is that it is our side that can win, and

can very probably win quickly. The race in mere numbers is over, or at least is very near its end. The nine men have begun to arrive. Long before they began to arrive, however, their presence had been rendered possible by the truly amazing firmness and fighting talent of the one man. Foch's second great manœuvre on the Marne has been fully worthy to rank in history with his first. For though the tactics and strategies of the two battles are utterly different, their ethics and politics point to the same thing; the unshaken superiority of the mind of Gaul over the materialism of the barbarians; the keenness and the clearness of that flame of France that has been the lamp of so many lands, through the ages of this ancient controversy between the vapor and the light. The aid brought at and after the first Battle of the Marne, by the arms of England, will be an eternal glory for the English; the aid brought to the second Battle of the Marne, by the arms of America, will be an eternal glory to Americans. But neither will wish to forget that the whole cycle of war turned upon the pivot of Paris; that the highest point of pride, as of peril, has belonged to the most central of the Allies, to the most national of the nations, to the one land which, alone among the lands thus leagued together, has fallen before the barbarian but never bowed to him. It is well to remember especially that final fact; that France alone, unlike England, unlike Russia, and unlike Italy, has never been made the tool of the enemy. From the very first, France has seen the huge hole gaping in the huge Teutonic claim and case; as clearly as Foch saw the hole gaping by St. Gond in the first Battle of the Marne. It is well to remember to-day what we owe to such insight in both cases; but especially

to remember it in face of the illogical and insolent defeatist intrigue.

Any man who intervenes at this moment intervenes to save the Prussian system. He intervenes, especially, to save the Prussian system as it had long prevailed in Alsace; the Prussian system as the whole world saw it in a working model at Zabern. He does not intervene to finish the war; for it is now clearly on the cards that it might be finished by fighting long before it would be finished by lingering, complicated, and almost certainly conflicting negotiations. He does not intervene to secure either the principles of Mr. Wilson or the visions of Mr. Wells; he does not intervene for a League of Nations or even for a World State. For whether these projects be workable or no, they would certainly be far more workable by a man like Mr. Wilson, if he were free from all interference by a man like Tirpitz or a man like the Crown Prince. He cannot now intervene in order to meet the Russian (or rather Jewish) humanitarians half-way; for we should now have to go the whole way to rescue them from the tyrant who has taken them captive. He cannot now intervene in order to appeal to the great neutral states, for the greatest of neutral states, along with a whole train of other neutral states, have given their verdict in the form of a declaration of war. He cannot be intervening in the hope that a signal of surrender may make a similar surrender easier for the German Socialist; for the German Socialists themselves said that the surrender of the Bolshevik Government did not make it easier for them, but harder for them. They said, almost in so many words, that they could not be expected to pit themselves against so great a German success. In short, he cannot possibly be intervening for

any of the causes for which he professes to intervene. All of these excuses are hypocrisies of a more or less conscious kind. He intervenes to save the Prussian system; the only thing that is now in serious danger of being smashed.

Very probably he admires the Prussian system; and calls it organization and social science and even social reform. Very possibly he only wonders, in a dull and dreamy way, where he and all other sociological bullies will find their model, after the smashing of that machine. Men of Mr. Snowden's school do seriously argue that lands like Alsace, in losing the German influence, would lose all the inquisitions and coercions which are symbolized for us by the Insurance Act. Possibly he dimly feels, what is indeed the fact, that the fall of Prussia will mean a reaction towards many things which he thinks romantic and unreasonable; such as liberty for poor men, loyalty to small states, a sense of honor moderating commerce, and a sense of pity moderating war. But from whatever motive, good or bad,

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he wishes it, what he wishes just now is simply to save Prussianism; to save it in Prussia and to save it throughout the world. And above all, as we have said, he wishes to save it in those typical territories which have become the arena and the testing place of the whole quarrel; those stolen territories which the world owes to France. It matters nothing that he wishes Germany to claim what she could never have had, save by criminal assault, by the argument of artificial statistics. It matters nothing even if he wishes Germany to set them up again, under the shadow of her triumphant and unconquered armies, under the forms of artificial neutralization. It is in no way interesting, except as a joke, that he actually argues that Alsace-Lorraine will be in danger when she is again fortified by a victorious France, but will be in no danger when she lies as helpless as Luxembourg in the shadow of a still victorious Germany. What he seeks is to save the pride of Prussia and sell the freedom of France. But he is already too late.

THE AVERAGE MAN

BY J. D. BERESFORD

Is there such a person as the average man? Could we pick out any individual at home or abroad to-day and say that he or she represented the predominating type of Britain? The answer is obviously 'No.' You might as well try to strike an average between a sparrow and a peacock. There cannot be a 'common mean' of humanity.

I was led to this conclusion by that terrible crisis — it may well be the supreme crisis — of the war that flared into a sudden threat of disaster on the 12th of April. In such a time of peril there must, I thought, be some great representative emotion, thrilling all England; and if I could judge by my own feelings, that emotion was one of harassed anxiety combined with a passionate desire to help. Whether that were so or not you may judge by my experience.

It was in the morning that I spoke to the farmer. He lived eighty miles from London, and at ten o'clock he had not yet opened his morning paper. He asked me the news over the gate, shook his head wisely at my slightly hysterical summary of the situation, and said it was a 'bad job.' After that he turned his attention to the weather and to certain complaints about the new methods of food control.

Was he representative of rural England, I wondered? Unimaginative — the broadest detail of strategy, such as my amateur account of the threat to our communications, manifestly meant nothing to him. He had thought all his life in terms of weather,

crops, live-stock, and the market; and he could not see a world-movement in these terms.

But I had no chance to test the rural mind further on that day, for I came up to London at midday, and it was there that my further researches were carried on.

At the club I got no satisfaction. I fell into the awful company of a man who seemed to think that the course of the war was less important than the fact that England was sinking into that lowest abyss of depravity which permitted the shooting of a fox. To him that was the ultimate crime. He was obsessed by the thought of it. I left him and the club in disgust. He could not possibly be typical.

Going westward to call at a friend's house, I frowned in perplexity over the crowd of shopping women in Oxford Street. They did not represent the average, I assured myself. I thought of all the women, in munition factories, in hospitals, in offices all over the country, who were absorbed in war work; giving their best for England. This gay crowd about the milliners' windows was only the scum. It told one nothing of the steady clear stream that flowed beneath.

Unhappily, I was engaged at my friend's house by another visitor, a woman I had not met before. 'Oh! the war, I simply can't bear to *think* of it,' she said, in answer to my nervous opening; and, indeed, it seemed that all she could bear to think of just then was the scandal case that was coming up again before

the magistrate next day. I classed her with the farmer and the fox-hunter. Her mind could only work on certain very restricted lines. She had no interests, no power of grasping anything outside her own immediate preoccupations.

But I was slightly encouraged by the lucubrations of a just perceptibly intoxicated man, who addressed the inside passengers of the 'bus I took on my return. He was in mufti that was frankly the garments of a tramp, but he had his badge and his wooden leg to prove that he had once done his bit. He said he had been a qualified fool, and then repeated the statement with a richer adjective. He did not tell us why, though I asked him, for his major ambition was to terrify us with his own conviction that the enemy would be landing at Dover within a month. He offered to bet five shillings on that event, so certain was he of the truth of his prophecy. I could not deceive myself

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with the notion that he exemplified the British attitude at that moment, but he, at least, took the crisis seriously.

It was at half-past eight that evening that I found my solution. I was in a tube train, and the man who sat next to me was a tired workman of fifty or so.

'Looks bad,' he remarked with a glance at the headlines of my evening paper. 'Well, we got to stick to it, whatever 'appens; I've been on since seven o'clock this mornin'.'

And, perhaps, in a way, that mechanic did represent, if not the average, at least the mass of men and women working at home through the crisis. I thought of that steady stream of labor, of those who were sticking to their jobs through every anxiety, and meant to stick to them whatever happened. They were helping. They represented the spirit of endurance and perseverance, the spirit of England. All those others that I had met were just exceptions.

THE LITERATURE OF UKRAINA

BY GEORGE FREDERIC LEES

THE realization of the political ideals of the 'forgotten kingdom of Ukraina' has once more drawn public attention to the history, language, and literature of the 'Land of Mazepa.' The names of Taras Shevchenko, Nikolai V. Gogol, and other Ukrainian writers are on many lips, and some readers are finding relaxation and solace, when the stress of war makes itself particularly felt, by

reading works which reveal more clearly than anything else the soul of 'Little Russia.' Hence these brief notes on the language and writers of Ukraina.

An Englishman who wanted to give his fellow countrymen an idea of the beauties of the Ukrainian tongue once advised his readers to combine, mentally, classical Greek with modern Italian. But probably neither Greek

nor modern Italian, with their softer tones, possess the force of Ukrainian, a force derived, says Vladimir Stepanowsky, a well-known authority, from its strange consonantal combinations and an abundance of the deep sounds of *y* (*ui*) and *u*. It is this peculiarity which has made a modern English authoress speak of its 'haunting musicality.' One of its distinguishing features is its unparalleled aptitude for forming diminutives. They are made not only from substantives, as in other languages, but also from adjectives, adverbs, and even verbs. This gives that singular charm referred to by P. Chevalier in 1781: 'The language of Ukraina is very beautiful, abundance of diminutives and pretty fashions of elegant speech making it very delicate.'

Among its other peculiarities, the fleeting accent of its words, as well as an aptitude for its deliberate extension or cutting down of the number of syllables in the majority of its grammatical forms, together with the retention of some very archaic features, as the dual number, must be mentioned. These qualities make the language wonderfully adapted to verse, and the possibilities of its expressiveness and harmony when handled by a native are almost unbounded.

Another very important feature of the Ukrainian tongue is its curious homogeneity. Spoken by forty million souls, in an area larger than Germany, it exhibits no traces of dialect or differences in pronunciation worth mentioning. Even the fact that the nation has been dismembered for centuries has not affected this remarkable unity of its language. A Cossack of Kubagne, the most eastern member of the race, when talking to a Galician hardly notice any difference in the other's speech.

A natural question that may occur to students of language is how far Ukrainian is removed from Polish and Russian, its two neighboring languages. But to those who do not know at least one of these languages it is very difficult to define exactly the extent of its remoteness, unless one employs a comparison. The position of Italian with regard to French and Spanish may illustrate very nearly the relationship between Ruthenian (as Ukrainian is often called in the Austrian part of Ukraina), Polish, and Russian.

These remarks refer to the spoken Ukrainian language, the literary use of which began to be considerable from no later date than the end of the eighteenth century, when a rich and varied vernacular literature sprang up. Until then, in Ukraina as in other Slavonic countries, the literary means was supplied by the so-called Church-Slavonic, the rôle of which in Eastern Europe may be compared to the part played in the West by Latin. As is well known, Church-Slavonic was a scholastic product, artificially evolved under the influence of Greek, from the Slav dialects of Macedonia.

The use of the spoken tongue as the literary language of Ukraina is gaining fresh ground every day and triumphantly marching towards complete victory. Just before the outbreak of the World War there were no fewer than several hundred daily, monthly, and weekly periodicals published in it. Thousands of books in Ukrainian were published yearly. In the Austrian part of Ukraina it became the language of the State. In the local parliament, or Diet, of Galicia, the debates were carried on in Ukrainian and Polish. Ukrainian became the language of the State railways, the post office, the courts, and the administrative offices of

the province. Public instruction in the elementary, secondary, and high schools was, and is still, carried on in Ukrainian. But before the Revolution the Ukrainian language was in Slavonic Russia banned from every official or public use, and was barely suffered to appear in the press and literature of the day. Even such employment of it is of recent date, since Ukrainian was strictly prohibited until 1905, the year that saw the decreeing of the Russian Constitution. Up to that time its use was confined by a Ukase to poetry and tales, and even then it had to be spelled in accordance with the Russian mode of spelling. It is a curious fact that the Bible in vernacular Ukrainian, published, after its prohibition, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, was regarded as a revolutionary publication, and anyone found in possession of a copy was punished accordingly.

It was the appearance of a great poet in the middle of the last century — a man who dared to write in the spoken language of his country — that solved at a stroke the problem of the future literary language of Ukraina. This writer was Taras Shevchenko, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated in 1914 in all the towns and cities of Ukraina, and especially at Kiev and Lemberg.

Dig my grave and raise my barrow
By the Dnieper-side
In Ukraina, my own land,
A fair land and wide.
I will lie and watch the cornfields,
Listen through the years
To the river voices roaring,
Roaring in my ears.

So sang the exquisite poet who, as has been well said by Mrs. E. L. Voynich, whose admirable translation I quote, 'has done for the Dnieper country what Burns did for Scot-

land.'* His wish, written in the disciplinary brigade,† in the first or second year of his martyrdom at the hands of those who accused him of 'composing in the Little Russian tongue verses of a most abominable character,' was carried out. There on the banks of the mighty and beautiful river, in view of Kiev and the Steppes, he lies.

There is no need to relate once more all the incidents in Taras Shevchenko's dolorous life. They have been given in sufficient detail in Mrs. Voynich's little volume. Suffice it to say that these six masterpieces sum up a whole life of misery and shattered hopes, while at the same time they express the writer's undying love for his 'dear lost Ukraina.'

A Ukrainian never forgets his native land. However far away he may travel to the north of Russia, however long he may live away from his homestead, his thought always returns to Ukraina, the banks of the Dnieper, and the Steppes. The songs of his native land are ever singing in his heart.

These folk songs, many of which have now been translated into English by Miss Florence Randall Livesay,‡ form a valuable section of Ukrainian literature.

'Italian songs are glorious, but the singing of the Ukrainian is also a precious pearl in the common treasury of mankind,' writes Paul Crath in the introduction to this collection of old ballads and songs, taken down

* *Six Lyrics from the Ruthenian of Shevchenko.* Rendered into English verse with a Biographical Sketch by E. L. Voynich. Elkin Mathews, 1911.

† The poet, in 1847, was arrested on a charge of belonging to a seditious body called the Brotherhood of SS. Cyril and Methodius, and, 'in consideration of his robust constitution,' he was sentenced to military service in the Orenburg 'special' (disciplinary) brigade. He suffered many years of torture at the hands of military tyrants, until at last his heart, as he himself said, was 'beggared.'

‡ *Songs of Ukraina: with Ruthenian Poems.* Translated by Florence Randall Livesay. Dent & Sons, 1916.

from the lips of Ruthenian or Ukrainian immigrants in Winnipeg:

It was born out of the beauty of the Ukraina, and it is beautiful; it was born on the Steppes, and as the Steppes it is wide; it was born in battles, and it is free; it was born of the tear of a lonesome girl, and it rends the heart; it was born of the thought of the Kobzars, and its harmonies are pregnant with thoughts—this is Ukrainian song.

Rudansky, Vorobkievich, and Fedkovich are also singers of Ukraina. Though of lesser importance than the great poet of the Ukrainian movement for autonomy, they have written many poems which are treasured throughout their country. Fedkovich, whose work is marked by great lyrical beauty, first wrote in German, but on returning to his native Bukovina, to find that he had become famous, he followed the advice of some well-known patriots to write in Ruthenian. His first sixteen poems in that language were published in 1861.

Turning to Russian writers, we see what a debt they owe to Ukraina. Ukrainian folk songs have been largely drawn upon by both authors and composers, Russian as well as Polish. The chief person to stamp his individuality on the Russian literary language and

literature was Nikolai Gogol (Hohol), whose style of writing — best seen in *Taras Bulba*, *The Cloak*, and that inimitable tale, *How the Two Ivans Quarreled* — is typically Ukrainian. It should be noted that Gogol's great ambition throughout his literary life was to write a ponderous history of Ukraina. He studied much toward that end, he made innumerable notes, but never got beyond his Introduction. However, his investigations had the result of focusing his attention on an inexhaustible source of material, some of which he used to very telling effect in *Evenings on the Farm near the Dikanka*.

In *Taras Bulba* we find that Gogol has noted all the characteristics of the Ukrainian, whether of the past or of the present: his warlike spirit, his hatred of the Poles, his love of drinking and smoking. It was through Taras Bulba's inordinate love of his pipe that he was captured by the foe. At the same time this great novel contains some of the finest descriptions of the Steppes of Ukraina ever penned.*

Finally, it should be pointed out that Chékhov, Korolénko, and Dostoévski were also Ukrainian by origin.

* *Taras Bulba: and Other Tales*. By Nikolai V. Gogol. Dent & Sons, 'Everyman's Library.'

THE SECRET TREATIES

THE publication by the Bolsheviks of a treaty made by Great Britain, France, and America with the Murman Regional Council — the accuracy of which our Foreign Office neither affirms nor denies — reminds us that previous 'revelations' of this sort by the Bolsheviks have caused needless anxiety to some worthy people. It has indeed become a stock argument with the Pacifists, who love to put their country in the wrong, that the 'secret treaties' made by the Allies in the early years of the war and published without authority by M. Trotsky show the Allies to have cherished 'Imperialist' aims, and prove us to have been as bad as the Germans, on the hypothesis that every 'Imperialist' is a criminal. We must confess to having neglected this new device of the peace-at-any-price faction, because anyone who had troubled to read the Bolshevik disclosures could see that there was nothing in them to surprise or alarm a reasonable man. But as the 'secret treaties' are being used to create sympathy for the enemy, concerning whose diplomatic performances the Pacifists are silent, it may be as well to show that the Allies have nothing whatever to be ashamed of. In the first place, we may point out that these agreements were made in very trying circumstances. Germany and Austria had suddenly plunged Europe into war by falling upon Belgium and Serbia, and France, Russia, and Great Britain had to extemporize a close military and diplomatic alliance in order to meet the terrible danger that threatened them. They needed all the help that they could get, and wel-

comed the entry first of Italy and then of Rumania into the war on their side. If the agreements made in haste by the five Allies had not been all that a sober judgment could approve, no fair-minded critic could have failed to make allowance for the difficulties under which the governments were laboring. It was as if a man suddenly attacked by street robbers were to summon the neighbors to his assistance, promising them any little gratification of which they might care to remind him if only they would render prompt assistance. In such a case we should not criticize too narrowly the wisdom or the propriety of the victim's offers or of his helpers' requests; provided always that he and his neighbors put the robbers to flight, we should say that he was amply justified in paying any price for help. If he contrived not only to drive the criminals away but also to recover from them certain stolen goods of which they were in possession, we should say that he had done well. If, on the other hand, he had stopped to discuss with his neighbors the precise ethical significance of their joint action and the bargains that they made, he and they would have been knocked down by the robbers and separately despoiled. The Allies were faced by a sudden emergency of this kind. They did their best to ward off the treacherous blow by swift coöperation, and they succeeded. It would ill become any Englishman who has been saved by the heroic efforts of the Allied armies to complain if some of the emergency measures of Allied diplomatists were not quite satisfactory.

As a matter of fact, however, there is no need to apologize for any of the 'secret treaties' which purport to have been made by the Allies. On the contrary, these documents, which may or may not be authentic, throw a favorable light on the Allied diplomacy, and contemplate rearrangements of territory that must be made if we are to have a stable peace. The documents, which are given in a convenient form in a new pamphlet by Mr. C. A. McCurdy, M.P., include an agreement of 1915, by which Russia was to receive Constantinople and the Straits, and an agreement of 1916, by which Russia, France, and Great Britain were to take Armenia, Syria and Adana, and Mesopotamia respectively. The Treaty of London of April 26, 1915, under which Italy entered the war, promised her the Trentino and Istria, Dalmatia, Valona, and a protectorate over Albania, a share — especially in Adalia — equal to that of her Allies in Asiatic Turkey if it were partitioned, and the prospect of obtaining more African territory if Great Britain and France annexed the former German colonies. Rumania, before declaring war, was promised by the Allies the Rumanian districts of Austria-Hungary, including part of Transylvania, the Banat of Temesvar, and part of Bukovina. The Bolshevik 'revelations' included also diplomatic notes from the Russian Foreign Minister, referring to a proposal that Germany should be required to cede not merely the Alsace-Lorraine of 1871, but the Provinces as they were in 1792, including the Saar coalfield and the Lorraine iron deposits, and that the left bank of the Rhine outside French territory should be constituted as a neutral buffer-State, and separated from Prussia, whose ownership of the greater part of this region does not date very far

back. It does not appear that this idea of a buffer-State was ever adopted by the French Government. Mr. Balfour in December last said that the British Government 'were never aware that it was seriously entertained by any French statesman.' M. Doumergue, the French Ambassador to Russia, may have suggested it on his own account, or the Russian Foreign Office may have exaggerated the importance of the proposal in order to press its own demand for 'Russia's complete liberty in establishing her Western frontiers.' In any case, the proposal with regard to a Greater Alsace and the Rhine buffer-State was not a treaty at all and may be left out of account. The real 'secret treaties,' if they are correctly quoted by the Bolsheviks, thus contain nothing novel. The dissolution of the Turkish Empire and the disintegration of Austria-Hungary are obviously among the results that will follow the victory of the Allies. Austria's primary object in forcing the quarrel on Serbia was to suppress the only free portion of the Southern Slav race. We cannot liberate the Southern Slavs and the Czecho-Slovaks without breaking up Austria-Hungary. The Rumanians asked in their treaty with the Allies for no more and no less than the Southern Slavs demand; namely, the right to reunite their race under a free and democratic government. As for Turkey, whose rulers have exterminated the Armenians and are doing their best to root out the Syrians and the Greeks from Asia Minor, it is, we had thought, a truism to say that this monstrous survival of primitive barbarism must be ended once for all. In the interests of humanity, the Turk must be cleared out of Europe and confined to Anatolia under close supervision. The details of the partition may have to be reconsidered now that

Russia is out of action, but the principle underlying them is obviously sound.

Our own Bolsheviks, who make no complaint against the enemy's secret diplomacy, argue that the Allies had no right to make any agreements which could not be proclaimed from the housetops or which involved any territorial rearrangements. They point to President Wilson's desire to abolish secret treaties — after the war. They repeat the phrase 'No annexations and no indemnities,' which was invented by German Socialists, and was adopted in theory but disregarded in practice by the enemy governments at Brest-Litovsk. They wish it to be inferred that the Allied diplomatists, in making these secret treaties, converted a war of self-defense on their part into a war of aggression, and that there is no moral difference between the Allies and the enemy. But those who argue thus with M. Trotsky ignore the facts. President Wilson, whose name is so often taken in vain, has not repudiated the Allied treaties, but has entered into similar compacts for the purpose of waging the war more effectively. The phrase 'No annexations and no indemnities' is not accepted literally by anyone — not even by the British Labor Party. There is no magic in it. The Pacifist might adopt the Tibetan device of a praying-wheel and grind out his 'No annexations and no indemnities' a hundred times a day, but he would not thereby shorten the war. It is untrue to say that, because the Allies mean to restore Alsace-Lorraine to France, to reconstitute Poland, to free the Slavs of Austria-Hungary and the Arabs, Armenians, Syrians, and Greeks in Turkey, and to exclude German tyranny from

Africa and the Pacific, they have departed from their original purpose. France and Russia went to war in self-defense; they were attacked and they resisted. Great Britain went to war primarily to defend Belgium, but soon found out that she was fighting for her existence. Italy joined us partly to free the Italians under Austrian rule, but mainly because she saw that the Central Powers threatened the freedom of Europe. America came in to make the world safe for democracy. Germany unchained these mighty forces, and she must bear the consequences. The Allies' main purpose is to defeat Germany and to render her powerless for evil. They are fighting not for territory but for liberty. Their victory will and must involve what the Germans will doubtless call annexations and indemnities. The whole wealth of the enemy Powers would not compensate the world for their horrible crime against humanity, but that is no reason for letting them escape punishment altogether. The enemy will think it a hardship to be deprived of the right to tyrannize over Slavs and Frenchmen, Danes and Italians, and other non-German and non-Turkish races, but it is strange that Western Liberals and Socialists should appear to sympathize with the enemy in this matter. The point is that we are at war with a remorseless enemy, and that we have to beat him down and prevent him from plunging the world into another war. If the Pacifists would bear this in mind and would devote their energies to winning the war, they would be far better employed than they are in trying to find excuses for the enemy, and to promote dissensions among the peoples whose liberties are at stake.

'ACCORDING TO PLAN'

TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE FROM THE HIGH COMMAND

BY OWEN SEAMAN

CIVILIANS! There lies in the virtue
Of patience an infinite balm;
No rumor of horrors can hurt you
If only you smile and are calm;
Though you find us apparently waiv-
ing

The offensive we lately began,
Bear up; we are simply behaving
According to plan.

Did you suffer a pain in your liver
When you saw some invincible
corps,

After gallantly crossing a river,
Resume the original shore?

'T was a mere reconnoitring excursion;

We went and we saw and we
ran;

Yes, we did it (including immersion)
According to plan.

In those very identical regions,
That sunder the Marne from the
Aisne,

We advanced to the rear with our
legions

Long ago and have donè it again;

Punch

Fools murmur of errors committed,
But every intelligent man
Has accepted the view that we flitted
According to plan.

If you doubt our traditional fitness
For hacking our way in the West
Château-Thierry may serve as a wit-
ness

That our culture is still of the best;
For our Prussians made hay of its
treasure

(As only a gentleman can
Whose duty is one with his pleasure)
According to plan.

With feats such as these to inspire
you,

Don't talk of the turn of the tide;
With the fame of our record to fire
you,

Let patience be sister to pride;
Though the look of affairs be mis-
leading

(Like your bread, which appears to
be bran),

Rest assured we are always proceeding
According to plan.

THE DOOM OF THE GERMAN BARON

(From a Correspondent)

ENGLAND has long been the haven of refuge for the shipwrecked of all nations; in the years before the war she had become the happy hunting ground of the parasites. The war has exposed no social ulcer more malignant than the rampant petting and spoiling of the titular German nobility in English-speaking countries in the days of peace. Has not the German Crown Prince before and even since the war boasted of his many friends in England, and of his conviction that they would still be his after all was over?

'He is my Prince!' was the jealous boast some years ago of the wife of a member of our diplomatic service, who had made the acquaintance of a German princely nonentity in Switzerland. The extent to which we pampered German counts, barons, and princes can only be realized after special study. To be appointed to the German Embassy in London was the beginning and end of an ambition, openly encouraged by the Emperor, that of marrying an English woman with money. There was a flagrant case in which a German baron gained the affections of a rich London tradesman's daughter; the girl's father was ostentatiously received by the Emperor. An unofficial cohort of young 'Assessoren' and 'Referendare,' 'noble' and truculent corps students would spend their holiday in London bringing a sheaf of family introductions with the same object in view. Even Rhodes's generous provision for German scholars, the nomination of

whom he left to the German Emperor, who selected the candidates from the same aggressive class of students, was also a sinister influence.

The social possibilities offered by our easy-going acceptance of German titles at their face value encouraged their holders to make regular *razzias* on our shores. The young German baron who had got into trouble at the university or over his examination for the army would come to England and take to hunting in Devonshire, marry an English girl, and play quite a social figure among the unsophisticated. The German count, only by rare exception a wealthy man, would transfer his penates to Leicestershire, together with horses, dogs, and stable boys. Elsewhere another would become master of hounds, a patron of charity, governor of hospitals, high sheriff, and M.P. — for a slum constituency.

Yet while good-natured hostesses in England were entertaining the counts and the barons and encouraging their matrimonial advances to their daughters, sometimes without due inquiry into their antecedents, in New York, a well-to-do restaurant keeper was specializing in German ex-officer barons to recruit his staff of waiters, and a wastrel member of a Pomeranian Junker family was washing dishes in an American hotel, not having yet become a full-fledged waiter.

Frankly, we misunderstood the status of this petty nobility. We paid deference to the baron, not only from inherent snobbery, but from a mis-

conception of the position of the titular nobility in Germany itself, when divorced from military or other official status, albeit the German Emperor, by his proclamation of surface values, has done his best to obscure this fundamental fact. Years ago Paul de Lagarde, a keen observer of politics and society, declared that, barring the reigning princely families, the nobility, as such, counted for very little in German life, and that little only in a social sense; in higher domains not at all. Nietzsche is even more explicit in saying that the German nobility is entirely absent from the records of German civilization. A hundred years ago Freiherr vom Stein seriously proposed to abolish the small titular nobility root and branch, as a caste unsuited to the spirit of the times.

Some time ago a distinguished English officer complained that it was hard that the only German of 'high rank' among the interned (an impecunious baron, who was living on his rich English wife's money) was a great admirer of England, with sentiments above suspicion. But a man of that type, without occupation or official position, and not a landed proprietor, cannot be said to hold high rank in his own country. Outside the chances of the matrimonial market no lucrative profession is open to the German baron at home; at most he can become an insurance tout, or something in a racing stable. The more sharp-witted of them have long perceived the tendency of the times,

The Times

and are little inclined to be overtaken by the deluge which they feel to be inevitable. A young prince has been known to attend a commercial academy in Cologne in order to qualify as a bank clerk. So uncompromising are the demands of efficiency, even where high rank is concerned, that semi-royal rank has been insufficient to secure an appointment of simple lieutenant in the German navy.

The German Americanized press was keenly alive to the exploitation of our social softness. One enterprising German newspaper had a neurotic degenerate and a convicted murderer as its regular correspondent in London for years, simply because he was a baron. His London colleagues knew all about his antecedents and pestilential activities. Yet, once at least, he was a privileged guest at a great man's table, and sat next to a peer of the realm.

It is to be hoped that the war will put an end to all such foreign parasitism. If any class of men in the whole world has reason to curse the war and its Imperial instigator it is the German parasite nobility, which enjoyed such a heyday in social London, Washington, and New York. They, indeed, will be justified in deploping, with Othello, that their occupation is gone! But whether they read the handwriting on the wall or not, there it is; the fate in store for them is that which has overtaken the Polish Counts of Continental *table d'hôte* memory, fifty or sixty years ago: Extinction.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS

(The Kaiser, Von Hindenburg, and Ludendorff)

Kaiser: Things continue to look better and better for our arms; is that not true, Hindenburg?

Hindenburg: What do you say, Ludendorff?

Ludendorff: I say not only that it is true but that it has been getting truer and truer ever since Your Majesty has deigned to interest himself more closely in our doings on the Western Front.

The K.: Ha! I thought so. What means then this persistent rumor of a German retreat across the Marne?

H.: What do you say, Ludendorff?

L.: I say that it is not worthy of the slightest attention. Here is the latest bulletin, which I was just about to submit to Your Majesty. Perhaps Your Majesty will be good enough to read it?

The K.: Yes, yes, let me have it. (*Takes it and reads.*) 'Yesterday was a day of brilliant victories for our brave troops. All the enemies' counter-attacks broke down with sanguinary losses before they could develop. Manœuvring according to a plan long settled we lured the enemy into Château-Thierry and there annihilated him. Advancing vigorously from the south to the north we crossed the river Marne with complete success, thus foiling the enemy —' But I say, is that right? I thought we were moving from north to south?

H.: What do you say, Ludendorff?

L.: I say that it is quite right. Tactically we are moving from south to north, but strategically we are

moving from north to south; that is the difference between the French and ourselves. We allow them now and then to win a skirmish tactically, in order that we may win a campaign strategically.

The K.: Oh, I see. Then I suppose I am to assume that any French victories do not count because they are tactical?

H.: What do you say, Ludendorff?

L.: I say as I am bound to say that His Majesty is quite right, and I say further that His Majesty shows a wonderful grasp of the principles on which war is conducted.

H.: I agree entirely. If all were like His Majesty on this point the war would very soon be over.

The K.: But this system of fighting must not last too long; it would be unwise to lure them too far.

L.: That is all provided for, Your Majesty. There comes a moment when the strategic and the tactical are combined into one.

The K.: How do you know when that moment has come?

H.: What do you say, Ludendorff?

L.: That is my secret.

The K.: Well, I hope your secret will have satisfactory results when it is put into action, for, according to our expectations, we ought to have been in Paris by now, and here we are as far away as ever.

L.: If Your Majesty is dissatisfied with the manner in which the campaign is conducted I can easily resign.

H.: And I can say ditto to Ludendorff.

The K.: Come, come, don't let us quarrel; you know you can always resign tactically and keep your positions strategically.

H.: What do you say, Ludendorff?

L.: I say that we will say no more about it.

The K.: Very good; I will now go
Punch

and make a speech to our storm-troops.

(At this moment the Crown Prince bursts into the room.)

The Crown Prince: I say, you men, hurry up! hurry up! If you don't do something the French will be here in half-an-hour — or less.

(They all depart hurriedly.)

WAR-TIME FINANCE

ANOTHER MILESTONE

WITH confirmed confidence and unabated resolution, and under circumstances of the happiest augury, the nations that are fighting for freedom and justice enter on the fifth year of the war. Since the last anniversary of the beginning of the struggle there have been many daunting disappointments. Russia's breakdown made it seem at one time possible that Germany might, with the large forces thus set free, be able to deal a blow in the West that might have most serious consequences, which could only be undone by years of stubborn fighting. This possibility has been dissipated in the last few weeks by the magnificent bravery of the French army, the admirably patient and then gloriously daring leadership of General Foch, and the timely appearance in the field of America's manhood, fighting with the freshness and dash of those who have just buckled on their armor, and yet with all the steadiness and wary resource of seasoned veterans. Our troops have done fine work in the epoch-making battles that have turned the enemy

back from the Marne; and our fleet and merchantmen have performed a feat of incalculable service to mankind by making America's assistance effective. No one who knows anything of America and the Americans can ever have doubted that the troops of the United States would be first-class fighting material. The only doubt was whether they, and all that they needed in food and equipment, could be brought across the sea. This has been done with a speed and success that is almost incredible, and has baffled Germany's hopes of this year's campaign in France. And 60 per cent of this wonderful feat, which has turned a very serious situation into one that is full of hope and encouragement, has been done by our seamen in addition to the tremendous responsibilities that they have faced and surmounted daily since the war began. Our Italian brothers-in-arms have equal cause for satisfaction for the striking victory with which they also have rolled back the tide of invasion and turned depression into confidence.

While the cause of the Allies has thus prospered in the field, it has also

achieved notable successes in other departments which are equally essential to victory. 'The period of our anxieties in food in all essentials is now past.' So we have been told by Mr. Hoover, an unimpeachable authority on the point and himself the organizer of this all-important victory. To his experience and resource, to the wonderful readiness in self-sacrifice shown by the Americans in the matter of food consumption, and to the untiring and increasingly successful efforts of our fleet in combating the submarines, the cause of justice owes a cupboard which, if not overfilled, will suffice if well husbanded. The distribution of food in this country by a system of rationing has been organized and set to work with unexpected success by the late Lord Rhondda and his able lieutenant and successor Mr. Clynes. In shipbuilding the promises too confidently put forward that we should build faster than we lost have not been made good as far as this country is concerned, and until we have achieved that goal we cannot claim to have mastered the submarine. Our Government, in fact, has put the day of this mastery back by its futile policy with regard to national shipbuilding yards, by which it seems likely to add to what Mr. Wilson Fox has pleasantly called its collection of white elephants. Luckily, American shipbuilding has filled the gap, and, on the whole, the ships at the disposal of the Allies are growing faster than they are sunk. On all sides we can see improvement in the position, but we see also that there is a long time of grim, stern strain before us. The task before our armies will need all the courage and endurance that they have shown in the last four years. At home our task is to husband our resources, to do all that we can to check the reckless extrava-

gance with which our rulers have been, and are, inviting defeat, and to be very careful ourselves not to undo, under the influence of our present confidence, a single buckle of the armor of self-sacrifice, such as it is, that we civilians have put on in support of our manhood at the front. They do and suffer every day deeds and sacrifices by the side of which all our little privations and efforts are miserably paltry, and our greed for profits, made out of the country's need, looks indescribably base. One of the most curious and interesting psychological facts of the war is the manner in which one man goes to the front and becomes a hero and a *preux chevalier*, while another, just like him in training and blood and outlook, stays at home and works for spoils, whether in wages or profits, resenting taxation, grumbling about his food, and seeming to think that this war for justice was invented to increase his wealth and comfort. As to the end, it still looks a long way off, and it cannot be said that on the diplomatic side of affairs there has been the same improvement as on the military and productive. Every day that the war lasts makes it more evident that the only end to it, if civilization is to survive, must be an end that will put an end to all such barbarism. On this point President Wilson has spoken with a clear voice. What have our rulers said? Lord Curzon has damned the League of Nations with a polite bow, and Mr. Balfour has stated that he is prepared vehemently to preach the doctrine of a League of Nations, and did so in a speech full of interesting dialectical subtleties that left the subject in a cloud of philosophic mystery. In the meantime the Government, by allowing itself to be hustled into absurdities about enemy aliens, and by talk-

ing — in nebulous terms it is true — about denouncing most-favored-nations clauses, and setting up preferential tariffs, and by excluding (as far as it can) our present enemies from business relations for five years and more after the war, seems to be doing its best to strengthen the hands of the Prussian militarists for the present, and to sow the seeds of hostility and rancor for the future.

The Prime Minister, however, seems at least to be awaking to the fact that a policy of ring fences, penalizing our present brothers-in-arms — to say nothing of friendly neutrals — is not likely to be good for us, or to be approved by the country. In his speech to a deputation of manufacturers, rather inappropriately headed by Sir Edward Carson, he pointed out that 'it is vitally important that the policy of America and the policy of this country should be in complete agreement on economic problems.' The policy of America, as stated by President Wilson, certainly does not include economic boycott of our present enemies when once the right peace has been secured; and it is hardly likely to be enthusiastic in favor of any new economic barriers being set up anywhere. Mr. Lloyd George also expressed agreement with Sir William Pearce's view that 'the strength of this country has been very largely in the ingenuity, the self-reliance, the adaptability, and the resource which came from individual effort.' This is a timely reminder for zealous office-holders, who want to quicken industry by means of official control, and for the interests which are clamoring for assistance from Government, and apparently believ-

ing that they can get assistance without submitting to regulation.

The Economist

GOVERNMENT CONTROL

THE great objection to Government control, is that control by Parliament, or by Government Departments, is generally ill-informed control. Those actually engaged in any particular trade know the markets and the needs of the community in a way that it is not possible either for Parliament or for any Department of Government to know them. The people engaged in any particular trade make a business of it. And it will be remembered that in the period that preceded the war it was surprising how, week by week and year by year, we always had a large supply of the various commodities needed for our consumption. That the trades were caught by the war, and were not able to accommodate themselves immediately to war conditions, is rather the fault of the Government than the fault of the trades themselves. For years before the war, Lord Roberts was warning the whole community what was likely to occur, and the Government took absolutely no notice of his warning, and continued to interest itself in the subjects which were each session brought before Parliament each year preceding the war. Can it be wondered at that traders confined themselves to the ordinary peace interests connected with their businesses, particularly as they found that supplies were ample, and that they were able, week by week, to give satisfaction to their various customers?

The Statist

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Few 'best sellers' are more free from unpleasant suggestiveness than those of Agnes and Egerton Castle, and if they are sometimes over-romantic, the fault is easily forgiven. The hero of *Minniglen*, their latest, is a young Highland laird, poor and proud, and holding himself haughtily aloof from the overtures of the pompous plutocrat who has just built a castle in his neighborhood. Of the week-end party at the castle is the heroine, poor also and proud, and sadly tempted to accept the hand and fortune of the boorish heir to the castle's wealth. The story opens with an adventure on the moors in the mist; then the scene shifts to London, where two suffragettes of widely varying types are introduced; and, later still, to a hospital in which some members of the house-party reappear in V.A.D. uniform. At one turn of the plot even the seasoned novel reader will experience a surprise. D. Appleton & Co.

The Flame That Is France (The Century Company), is the book by Henry Malherbe which, under the title *La Flamme au Poing*, was awarded the Goncourt Prize in Paris for the year 1917. The translator, whose identity is concealed under the initials V. W. B., must have found the task no easy one, a style so delicate and imaginative as that of M. Malherbe presenting peculiar difficulties. The book is in part revery, in part description, in part narrative. It opens with three 'dialogues,' in which mysterious personations representing Memory, Love, and Death appear to the writer and hold converse

with him in his lonely vigil, as he stands guard for the night, at headquarters, looking out upon mutilated trees and roads torn up by bursting shells. This imaginative prelude shapes the chapters which follow, the incidents, descriptions, and experiences which fill them being grouped under the three divisions—Memory, Love, and Death. The book is vivid and poignant, realistic though subtle; it penetrates below the surface of things, and presents the true spirit of heroic and bleeding France as few books have done.

Allen Updegraff's *Strayed Revellers, a Novel of Modernistic Truth and Intruding War*, is one of the cleverest satires of a decade. The scene is laid in a Catskill village, where the heroine, Clotilde Smith Westbrook—young, rich, and beautiful, an all-round modernist who specializes in feminism and pacifism—having just learned that she is of illegitimate birth, comes, in pursuit of Truth, to make herself known to her true father. He proves to be a shrewd farmer of Dutch descent, quite unaware of her existence, forgetful of his fleeting amour with her mother—a summer boarder of his boyhood—and comfortably married to a strapping housewife. Clotilde's bewilderment and chagrin at finding in everyday practice among the country folk theories which she has admired as revolutionary—the economic independence of women, right to motherhood, free union, and the like—are described with a touch agreeably light and sure. Members of an artists' colony play minor parts, and an aviator from the Lafayette

Escadrille appears in the closing chapters. If it were not unkind to charge the writer with anything so dull as a 'purpose' one would describe his story as strongly anti-pacifist. Henry Holt & Co.

A book publishing season which did not bring a new book by Edward Stratemeyer would seem to boy readers a strange season indeed. This year it is *Dave Porter Under Fire* — a story which, following a round dozen others in which the young hero is carried through various adventures in this country, takes him to France, where, after being attacked by submarines on the way across, he renders real service and sees real fighting in the Engineering Corps, with a bullet in his shoulder as proof. The story closes with a cheerful promise of another story to follow. The same publishers, the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., offer boy readers another of D. Lange's exciting stories of Indian adventure, *The Silver Caché of the Pawnee*, a story of the old Santa Fé Trail as it was nearly ninety years ago, when the Pawnees, the Comanches, the Sioux, and other warlike tribes made it a perilous thoroughfare for passing traders, and herds of buffaloes added to the excitements of the way. Philip and Ted Benson, the boy heroes of the story, have a good many stirring experiences before the end is reached. Both books are illustrated — the first by John Goss, and the second by Harold James Cue.

Stakes of the War (The Century Company), the joint work of Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank, may be briefly described as a one-volume encyclopædia of everything which is worth knowing and which every intelligent person will want to know regard-

ing the various problems, racial, national, and territorial, which will call for settlement after the war. The authors have had no other purpose than to make a full presentation of facts and issues, without bias, and without any desire to influence opinion. They have explored all available sources of information, and have made a clear and illuminating presentation of the results. Their method may be best indicated by a summary of the chapter on Belgium, which naturally holds the first place. There is, first, a succinct review of the history of Belgium, with a bibliography to guide further study; then an economic survey, also with a bibliography; next a summary of facts about Belgium, and the interests which Germany, France, England, and Holland have in the country; and finally, a statement of different solutions of the Belgian question which have been proposed and what they mean. This section also is supplemented with a bibliography. A similar method is pursued with Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein, Finland, the Baltic Provinces, Poland, Lithuania, the Czecho-Slovak territories, the Ukraina territories, Italia Irredenta, the Jugo-Slav territories, Macedonia, Albania, Greater Rumania, Dobrudja, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Armenia, and Syria. Each chapter has a black and white outline map of the territory discussed; three large general maps in colors show the whole field considered; and there are also thirteen political, racial, and economic maps. An appendix is devoted to colonial questions involved, especially those relating to Central Africa. The cordial Foreword of ex-President Taft, who has read the book, and warmly commends it, will go far to assure any hesitating reader of its accuracy and value.

HALF-PAST ELEVEN SQUARE

BY C. FOX SMITH .

There's a town I know in Flanders,
an' there ain't much else to say,
But it's pretty much like most towns
when the war 'as passed their
way;

There's tumbled shops an' 'ouses, an'
there's brickbats everywhere,
An' a place that British soldiers call
"Alf-past Eleven Square."

There's a silly clock stuck up there
that's forgot the way to chime,
With its silly fingers pointin' to the
same old bloomin' time;
An' the world it keeps on turnin', but
it makes no difference there,
For it never gets no later in 'Alf-past
Eleven Square.

There's a stink o' gas a-crawlin'
where the people lived before,
That it used to tell the time to when
there 'ad n't been no war,
In the day the whizz-bangs bustin',
in the night the star-shells' glare,
An' 'oo cares what the time is in
'Alf-past Eleven Square?

You could walk for 'arf a day there,
an' there's not a soul to meet
In the empty smashed-up 'ouses an'
the empty sandbagged street;
They've packed their traps up long
since an' they've gone for change
of air,
For you bet it ain't no 'ealth-resort —
'Alf-past Eleven Square.

An' it only wakes up sometimes,
when the armies come an' go,
With the transport an' the wounded
an' the big guns crawlin' slow;
But let 'em come or let 'em go, the
clock don't seem to care
If it's Fritz or Tommy marchin'
through 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

But it's waitin'— waitin'— waitin'
till the world goes on once more,
An' the folk come back to live there
as they used to live before,

An' open wide the broken door an'
climb the broken stair,
An' move along its fingers in 'Alf-past
Eleven Square.

Yes, it's waitin'— waitin'— waitin',
just the same as you an' me,
For the same world, only better than
the old one used to be;
An' I've got a barmy notion that I
wish I might be there
When twelve o'clock is strikin' in
'Alf-past Eleven Square.

Punch

ON REVISITING THE SOMME

BY JOHN E. STEWART

Silence befits me here. I am proudly
dumb,

Here where my friends are laid in
their true rest,
Some in the pride of their full stature,
some
In the first days of conscious man-
hood's zest:

My foot falls tenderly on this rare soil,
That is their dust. O France, were
England's gage
The fruitful squiredoms of her patient
toil,
Her noble and unparalleled heritage

Of the great globe, or all her sceptres
sway
Wherever the eternal ocean runs
All, all were less than this great gift
to-day;
She gives you in the dust of her dear
sons.

Here I was with them. Silence fits me
here.

I am too proud in them to praise
or grieve;
Though they to me were friends and
very dear,
I must to other battles turn, and
leave

These now forever in a sacred trust —
To God their spirits, and to France
their dust.

The Poetry Review